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SIXPENCE.

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WARLIKE PREPARATIONS IN THE FAR EAST: RUSSIAN ARTILLERY ON THE MARCH IN MANCHURIA.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

It is useful to recall that it was on the plea of maintaining the integrity of China that Russia, helped by Germany and France, forced Japan to abandon Port Arthur after her victory over the Chinese. It is because Russia now refuses to give effect to this very plea that her negotiations with Japan have come to the sword's point. She has been asked for nothing but an explicit guarantee for the fulfilment of her repeated pledges to all the world. She will neither give that nor assure to Japan the undisturbed control of Korea. The guarantee of the integrity of China is of the utmost importance in Manchuria, not to Japan alone, but to Great Britain and America. The commercial treaties which China has made with the United States and Japan are perfectly incompatible with the Russian policy of aggrandisement. This is so clear that the Russian Government strove hard to prevent China from ratifying the treaties. They were not content with the position assured to them in Manchuria by agreements which are not in question. They held the railway and Port Arthur without challenge. But they will not keep their engagement to withdraw the army of occupation, and restore the administrative rights of the Chinese. That this attitude is a menace not only to Japan, but also to the rights of other Powers, is shown by the furious tirades of the Russian Press against England and America. Japan, in her final Note to Russia, was amply justified in pointing out the moderation of her proposals, and it is now known that they were even more moderate than was suspected during the course of the futile negotiations.

Having asked why the phrase "I want you to come" should be set down as uncouth, I am enlightened by a correspondent, who writes: "'I want you to come' is an uncouth phrase, principally because it seems to assume a certainty that, having expressed your desire, the 'invitee' must come. To a sensitive person it would have the force of a command, and would possibly be resented as such." I am a sensitive person. If I read the words "I want you to come" at the foot of a formal missive inviting me to dinner, and if the writer were somebody whose behests I would do in pleasure or in pain, should I upbraid, sulk, coin sarcastic epigrams, and otherwise exhibit resentment? Or should I murmur the phrase softly, and modulate it exactly to my liking, until I had wrought myself to such a pitch of extravagant fantasy as to mistake the command for a caress, and to translate it in a wild, sad, bad, mad burst of African poesy as "I want yer, ma honey, yes, I do"? Of course the words may mean anything according to circumstances—entreaty, cajolery, peremptory mandate, even menace. Such are the resources of language, assisted by a little imagination. But to say that "I want you to come" is, in a technical sense, uncouth, is a dictum upon which I still await illumination.

The Laureate deplors the public neglect of the highest poetry. Perhaps it was the sting of this reproach that prompted so many organs of opinion to describe the opening of Parliament without Mr. Balfour as "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark. This aged pauper of an illustration, after so many years of service, might be allowed to rest undisturbed in the workhouse of worn-out literary allusions. The *Saturday Review*, I see, is so much incensed that it offers itself gratis for a whole year to anybody who shall make the best choice of three aged paupers for public exhibition as awful warnings. For such a reward the competition should be tremendous. The *Saturday* suggests that Captain Cuttle's "When found make a note of," and Rudyard Kipling's "But that's another story," are in need of perpetual seclusion. They might be joined by "Like Caesar's wife, above suspicion," and King Charles's Head, which Mr. Dick could not keep out of the Memorial. If the Prince of Denmark, when left out of "Hamlet," would keep this highly respectable, but very musty company under lock and key, together with the game of bridge, the world might feel a little fresher.

It would be a public boon to set going a few quotations that nobody has taken any stock of. To any gentleman writing professionally about the war between Russia and Japan let me recommend the remark of one of the Spirits in Mr. Hardy's new drama. "War makes rattling good history, but Peace is poor reading." There is another passage, a little too long to be quoted like Captain Cuttle, but still very apt. It is uttered by a Wessex peasant, who thinks Bonaparte is surely coming; but it would be just as apt in the mouth of a Korean who has reason to believe that the Japanese are coming, or the Russians, or both. "I've took to drinking neat, for, say I, one may as well have his innerds burnt out as shot out, and 'tis a good deal pleasanter for the man that owns 'em." Are you annoyed when people quote Aristotle, as a brilliant friend of mine is perpetually doing? Then be comforted by this remark in "Tristram Shandy": "I don't care what Aristotle says, for I have

never read a word of him." See how convenient this would be in dealing with any obnoxious oracle. You substitute the hateful name, and add, "I have never read a word of him," with the delightful sensation of knocking down one classic with another!

For American readers there is a nice little classic bit out of Thackeray in the February *Century*. In a letter to Mrs. Baxter he makes the interesting disclosure that he was meditating a series of lectures on "men of the world." Nothing came of that idea unhappily, and the world may well mourn. But when he had it, Thackeray gave it a characteristic twist which set it pirouetting in his letter. "Men of the world! Chesterfield, Wharton, Walpole, Brummell! What fun and satire! What an opportunity for young men to learn about Euroapian manners!" The young men for whom this was so kindly meant were American, as I need scarcely say. This was fifty years ago, and they know all about "Euroapian manners" now. Perhaps they have ceased to say "Euroapian," and have adopted our miserable and effete pronunciation. Perhaps they have manners of their own which make them indifferent to ours. But that classic bit out of Thackeray ought to be useful to a Harvard man who is thinking of taking up a literary attitude in Boston.

I read lately of a New York ball where the company danced the cotillon with parasols, covered with white or yellow roses or mauve orchids. The spectacle of a gentleman gracefully waving a parasol with mauve orchids in a ball-room is not "Euroapian." But we have some quaint sights here. There is an entertainment called a "fancy head dinner." You sit down, and practise Lord Burleigh's nod over your soup; while the lady at your side exhibits the headgear of Queen Elizabeth, and the gentleman opposite presents the upper storey of Humpty Dumpty. The host, in all probability, has yielded to the temptation to drag in that aged pauper, King Charles's Head, though he will probably deny with some testiness that it has anything to do with the Memorial. I presume this assemblage of heads has nothing else to correspond, or it would not be called a "fancy head" party. You are Caligula or Catherine II. but to the shoulders: the rest belongs to your blameless tailor or dressmaker. You have an eighteenth-century wig, and twentieth-century taste. There is also the agreeable reflection that if the real people came back from the centuries you have borrowed, they would not have the smallest desire to return the compliment by bedizening their heads in the present "Euroapian" modes.

What is unfair competition? Let nobody be alarmed; this has nothing to do with the fiscal question. If a millionaire should have a fancy for conducting a theatre for the sake of the drama, not of the dividend, would that be unfair competition with the theatrical syndicate which cares much for the dividend, and not at all for the drama? The syndicate has a perfect right to carry on its business in its own way; but has it any right to denounce the disinterested millionaire for an infraction of the higher commercial morality? Apparently it is the sincere belief of some business-like persons that to endow art is immoral, unless the benefactor be willing to put up the shutters when the enterprise does not pay. The Royal Academy might as well agitate for the closing of the National Gallery because it is independent of money taken at the door. Suppose a millionaire should carry on a newspaper at a loss, would the other newspaper proprietors stigmatise this as foul play? If not, why should he lose his character for making the drama a hobby? Let him pluck up heart, and make the experiment.

"Bashi-Bazouk" is a term which has been employed time out of mind to denote the irregular soldiery of the Turkish army. The massacres in Bulgaria in 1876 were committed chiefly by the Bashi-Bazouks, whose enormities were always greatly in excess of those attributed to the Turkish regulars. But now we learn from a British officer who has "commanded many hundreds of Turks in Cyprus and Crete," and "mixed much with the inhabitants of all creeds in Asia Minor, in Adrianople, and in Macedonia itself," that "Bashi-Bazouk," in the Turkish language, means a civilian. If a Turk were describing "a crowd of soldiers and civilians in a London theatre," he would "use the term Bashi-Bazouk to describe the latter." The object of this interesting discovery is to make out that when Bashi-Bazouks in Macedonia are said to have behaved ill, it is upon the Moslem civilians we must throw the blame, and not upon the irreproachable irregulars who fight the Sultan's battles. What makes this all the more surprising is that no traveller in the Sultan's dominions, even when his sympathies happened to be with the Turks, has ever mentioned it before; nay, even the late Edward Vizetelly, who served with a "Bashi-Bazouk" regiment before Kars, wrote a book about his experiences; and in the title used the term unblushingly according to the old acceptance.

THE TORPEDO IN MODERN WARFARE.

BY H. C. FYFE.

The torpedoing of the Russian battle-ships *Tsarevitch* and *Retvizan* and the cruiser *Pallada* by Japanese torpedo-boats seems to indicate that the "Whitehead" or automobile fish-torpedo will play a very prominent part in the Russo-Japanese conflict.

"The next great naval war," remarked a naval expert not long ago, "will bestow upon the torpedo and its users a halo of romance which will eclipse entirely that surrounding the gun and the ram." The terrible potentialities of under-water warfare appeal vividly to the imagination, and the sinking of a mighty line-of-battle ship costing over a million sterling by the deadly torpedo, costing some £300, sets one wondering whether these huge "mailed mastodons" will give place to surface and submarine torpedo-craft in the naval battles of the future.

Under-water fighting is carried out by "mines" and "torpedoes." The former is a stationary charge of explosive contained in a case moored beneath the surface of the water, which is fired when the enemy passes over it. The torpedo is a "crewless submarine," provided with the power of aggression. The mine awaits the enemy, in fine, while the torpedo goes to seek him.

Russia and Japan both employ the "Whitehead" torpedo, invented by the late Mr. Whitehead in 1866, and they carry it on battle-ships, cruisers, torpedo gun-boats, destroyers, and torpedo-boats.

The first torpedo was a very much less terrible engine of destruction than it is to-day, but it has undergone vast changes, and may now be described as "the most wonderful machine in the world." It carries in its explosive-chamber 200 lb. of guncotton, and when its nose comes into contact with a ship's side a pointed steel rod is driven in against a detonator cap, and the explosive is sufficient to tear a large hole in the hull. It is fired from battle-ships and cruisers by submerged tubes (above-water tubes are being abandoned), and from torpedo craft by revolving tubes carried on deck; it is blown out of the tube by compressed air, and on entering the water it sinks to the required depth, running submerged until it meets its prey. Its wonderful little engines are driven by compressed air, and it is prevented from rising to the surface or sinking to the bottom by means of a pendulum and a hydrostatic valve, which act on the horizontal or diving rudders at the stern; it is also fitted with screw propellers and vertical rudders, and is kept on a straight course by a spinning wheel, or gyroscope. Altogether, it well deserves its name of a "fish of steel with the brains of a man." When the automobile torpedo came to be adopted by all the great Powers, special craft were devised by which they could be rendered more efficient.

First came the torpedo-boat. Battle-ships are the heavy artillery, cruisers the infantry, and torpedo craft the cavalry of modern naval warfare. France went in largely for torpedo-boats, and to meet this a new type of vessel was produced by Great Britain—the torpedo-catcher. Unfortunately, these boats never succeeded in catching anything; and, indeed, were so slow that they were often during manœuvres themselves caught by the little torpedo-boats.

Engineers and ship-builders now set to work, and eventually devised the torpedo-boat destroyer, the most complete embodiment of energy and waspishness afloat, and the most perfect example of the combined sciences of naval architecture and marine engineering ever yet produced. They are the fastest craft afloat, steaming 25 to 32 knots an hour, and some—such as H.M.S. *Viper*—are fitted with turbine machinery making 35 to 37 knots per hour.

Many of the Japanese torpedo craft have been built in England by Messrs. Yarrow and Messrs. Thornycroft, and Japanese sailors are familiar figures at Poplar and Chiswick. There is no doubt that in torpedo warfare the Japanese are superior to the Russians, and have indeed little to learn from any other Power. In the last two naval conflicts—the Chino-Japanese and the Spanish-American wars—the torpedo and the torpedo craft did not get a fair chance. The Chinese officers were only too glad to get rid of these dangerous weapons, and often hurled them overboard. The Spanish commanders took their torpedo craft out in broad daylight, and learnt the folly of this proceeding.

The present war should shed most valuable light on the possibilities of modern torpedo warfare. It will be a case of battle-ship against destroyer; of the torpedo against the gun; and the performances of destroyers and torpedoes will decide to a very great extent many debatable points in naval tactics. The torpedo has already shown that it has to be reckoned with. In its most modern form it has a speed of thirty knots, and a range of 2000 to 3000 yards, and if it hits the mighty battle-ship it effectively cripples it. There is scanty defence for the latter. Torpedo-nets are of little or no use, for the torpedo carries a net-cutter, which pierces the best and strongest net with which a battle-ship can defend itself.

PARLIAMENT.

The debate on Mr. Robson's amendment to the Address, condemning the lack of military preparation for the South African War, was signalled by a striking disclosure. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman described how Mr. Chamberlain sought an interview with him in June 1899, and proposed that the Opposition should support the Government in sending 10,000 men to the Cape, and strengthening the equipment of the force already there. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman reported Mr. Chamberlain to have said that this was only "a game of bluff," as the Boers would not fight. The Leader of the Opposition had consulted his colleagues, and they had declined the proposal. Mr. Chamberlain thought it unlikely that he had said anything about "bluff," and suggested that this was Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's personal impression of the proposal itself. He had approached the Opposition, with Lord Salisbury's consent, in order to secure their co-operation if possible in sending reinforcements to South Africa, solely with the object of convincing the Boers that we were in earnest. He did not at that time believe in the possibility of war, but he could not see how the dispatch of 10,000 men could be regarded as bluff. Mr. Robson's amendment was defeated by a majority of eighty-six.

Mr. John Morley, in moving his amendment in favour of Free Trade, put a question which, about the same time, the Duke of Devonshire was putting at the Guildhall: Was the Government Protectionist or Anti-Protectionist? Mr. Gerald Balfour answered that individual Ministers held varying views about Protection, but Protection was not the policy of the Government. Personally, he believed that Protection could never be a wise policy for this country. What the Government proposed was retaliation on foreign countries which refused to abate their tariffs. This would be done by countervailing duties which would not be protective. In no case would such duties be levied without the consent of Parliament, and the policy would not be initiated without a mandate from the country.

Sir Michael Hicks Beach declared that this statement was highly satisfactory to the Unionist Free Traders. Lord George Hamilton asked for a still more specific repudiation of Protection by the Government; and Sir Henry Fowler warned the Government that retaliation was obnoxious and impracticable.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

MR. WILLARD IN "THE CARDINAL," AT KENNINGTON. A popular actor like Mr. Willard in a popular drama such as "The Cardinal" was bound to prove a great "draw" at the Kennington Theatre. However one may smile at the broad, old-fashioned, sensational methods by means of which Mr. Louis Parker develops his Renaissance story of the secrecy of the confessional; however one may remark an absolute lack of consistency in the characterisation of his Cardinal, there is no denying that the superb mounting which Mr. Willard has given this romance of mediæval Italy, the exciting incidents and rhetorical speeches of which the play has its share, and finally the imposing presence and glorious voice of the actor-manager himself as displayed in the title-role, make together a combination which to the average playgoer is quite irresistible. Such is the case at Kennington this week, where, naturally enough, Mr. Willard is making hosts of friends.

THE ALHAMBRA PROGRAMME.

Resolved to be thoroughly "up to date," the management of the Alhambra Theatre has just added to its programme a series of Russo-Japanese pictures, and these, as exhibited on the Urban Bioscope, bring home to the audience as only a visual appeal can the scenes in which, and the peoples between whom, war is now raging. In addition to these animated photographs, there are some ten other "turns" of first-rate merit and agreeable variety, as well as the new ballet of "All the Year Round," which seems assured of enduring success. Such success this brilliant procession of the seasons fully deserves, for it blends happily fun and fantasy, sparkling music (Mr. Glover's) and gorgeous spectacle. The ballet's most applauded tableau still remains the riverside summer scene; but the Christmas picture and the woodland spring scene are hardly less attractive features of a very beautiful entertainment.

THE O. U. D. S.

It is rather curious that the Oxford University Dramatic Society, though it has played some of Shakspeare's comedies three times over, has not until this year put upon the boards the popular pastoral "As You Like It." Now that it has been chosen, however, it is being done very thoroughly. Mr. George Foss, who appears to have become permanent stage-manager to the society, has worked at the production with his usual energy, and with the usual satisfactory result. He, in conjunction with Mr. J. F. G. Gilliat, of University College, the president of the O. U. D. S., and Mr. M. N. Hogg, of Balliol, the secretary, has discovered a good deal of fresh talent, and also availed himself of many of last year's best actors. Mr. A. P. Boissier, of Balliol, who is playing Touchstone with success, was last year the Launcelot Gobbo of "The Merchant of Venice," a part in which, perhaps, his low comedy powers had greater opportunities. The president, who is a thoroughly satisfactory Jacques, was the Orsino of a production of "Twelfth Night" as a pastoral in the summer of 1902. Mr. J. L. Philipps, of Queen's, the Antonio of last year, is playing Adam with almost professional finish; and the secretary is a distinguished and dignified Duke. The ladies are remarkably good. Miss Maud Hoffman, is a handsome and altogether charming Rosalind; Miss Rachel Daniel is a winsome Celia; and Miss Dorothy Scott and Miss Madge Fabian fill the parts of Phebe and Audrey respectively with becoming rustic simplicity.

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S.S. LAKE MANITOBA (twin-screw) .. 8852 tons .. Mar. 1.

For tickets, free and post-free handbooks, apply—
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY,
62 to 65, Charing Cross, S.W. (near Nelson Column); or 67, King William Street, E.C.

WHERE TO WINTER.

BIARRITZ.—GRAND HOTEL. Lift to every floor. Electric Light throughout. Charming situation facing the ocean. The climate is as mild and delightful as that of Nice and Italy. This splendid establishment, facing the sea and baths, the finest situation in the town, close to golf and lawn tennis, is famed for its great comfort, excellent cuisine, and moderate charges, surpassing all other hotels in the district. It is frequented by the elite, and is the rendezvous of the English Colony. During the winter season the terms are from 10 fr. per day, according to floors occupied. All private rooms are carpeted. Great improvements have been introduced in the Grand Hotel. Entire house heated by calorifers. A special omnibus meets the trains to convey visitors to the Grand Hotel.—Address, Mr. MONTENAT, Grand Hotel, Biarritz.
New Casino open all the winter.

CANNES.—Htl. Beau Site. Famous Tennis Cts., Gdns. (Mr. Tom Fleming, Lawn Tennis Professional). Finest English Home on Riviera. New Management. Improved cuisine. Large Hall. New Restaurant. Band twice daily. Nearest golf course.

CANARY ISLANDS.—LAS PALMAS. SANTA CATALINA HOTEL. (English). Electric light throughout. In the midst of its own beautiful gardens of about 20 acres, facing the sea. English physician and trained nurse resident. English Church. Golf, tennis, cycling, croquet, billiards.
THE CANARY ISLANDS CO. (Limited), 5, Lloyd's Avenue, E.C.

CANNES.—GRAND HOTEL DU PAVILLON.—First-class Hotel. Every comfort. Splendid position full south. Electric Light. Bath, &c. Beautiful Garden. Winter Garden. Special terms to early visitors.—PAUL BORGIO, Proprietor.

NAPLES.—HOTEL GRANDE BRETAGNE. Best Situation. South. Facing Bay and Gardens. Tariffs free. F. TENNANT PAIN, 21, Farringdon Avenue, E.C., and Paris.

"HOW TO BECOME A NAVAL OFFICER." A short résumé of the new regulations with respect to cadets while under training, specially compiled for the use of parents intending to place their sons in the Royal Navy, sent post free. Messrs. J. GREVE & SONS, Ltd., 110, High Street, Portsmouth.

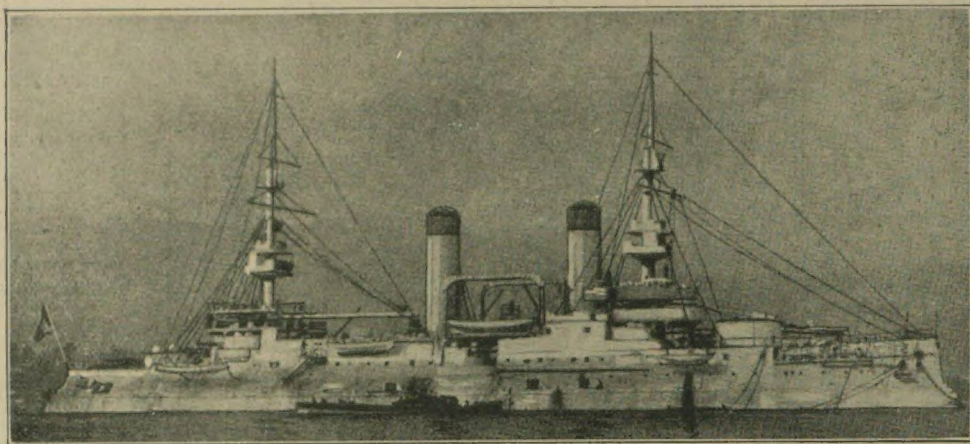
THE WORLD'S NEWS.

WAR.

At last the long-expected has happened, and Japan, impatient of Russia's continued delay, has broken off diplomatic relations with that Power, and has resorted to the last argument of kings. On Feb. 5 M. Kurino, the Japanese Minister at St. Petersburg, presented to Count Lamsdorff a lengthy communication setting forth Japan's position and decision. He noted that the repeated Russian amendments to Japan's proposals and Russia's refusals to guarantee China's integrity in Manchuria had rendered it necessary for Japan to consider what measures of self-defence she must take. Finding no prospect of obtaining satisfaction from the Russian Government, Japan had no other alternative than to terminate the futile negotiations. This virtual declaration of war was followed up by Japan with a movement of extraordinary swiftness and success. About midnight on Feb. 8, a Japanese torpedo flotilla suddenly appeared before Port Arthur, and dealt a crushing blow to Russia's naval power. Three muffled explosions were heard, and shortly afterwards three of Russia's largest vessels, the battle-ships *Retvizan* and *Tsarevitch*, and the cruiser *Pallada*, steamed back to the inner harbour and beached themselves. Admiral Alexeieff, in a telegram to the Czar, has admitted that the three ships were damaged, and the carefully guarded nature of his message—which, had there been any grounds for it, would certainly have been reassuring—seems to point to the conclusion that the disaster is

frontier, and a thousand miles from Russian territory. These conditions, and the firmness of the Foreign Office, forced Russia to change her tone. But she has not ceased to make mischief in Tibet. These incidents should be instructive to the people who cherish the idea that we can make a friendly agreement with Russia

contributed so largely to the advancement and elevation of the Illustrated Press, an influential committee has been formed for this purpose. It is proposed to place in the Church of St. Clement Danes, in the Strand, the vicinity of his labours for the past thirty years, a memorial in the form of a portrait in bronze relief or a marble tablet, with a suitable inscription. Mr. Thomas offered so much encouragement and afforded such opportunities to art and artists by his high and spirited conduct of the *Graphic* and *Daily Graphic* that it is felt that this form of testifying their appreciation of his life's work will be welcome to a very wide circle. Sir James Blyth, Bart., 33, Portland Place, W., and Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A., 11, Melbury Road, Kensington, W., are the hon. treasurer and hon. secretary respectively, and will gladly receive and acknowledge all subscriptions.



THE FIRST RUSSIAN NAVAL LOSS IN THE WAR: THE BATTLE-SHIP "TSAREVITCH," TORPEDOED AT PORT ARTHUR, FEBRUARY 8.

The particulars given of the "*Retvizan*" apply to the "*Tsarevitch*," launched 1901. The armament is four 12-inch guns, twelve 6-inch, twenty 3-inch, and twenty smaller quick-firers.

which she would faithfully observe. Has she ever kept faith with anybody?

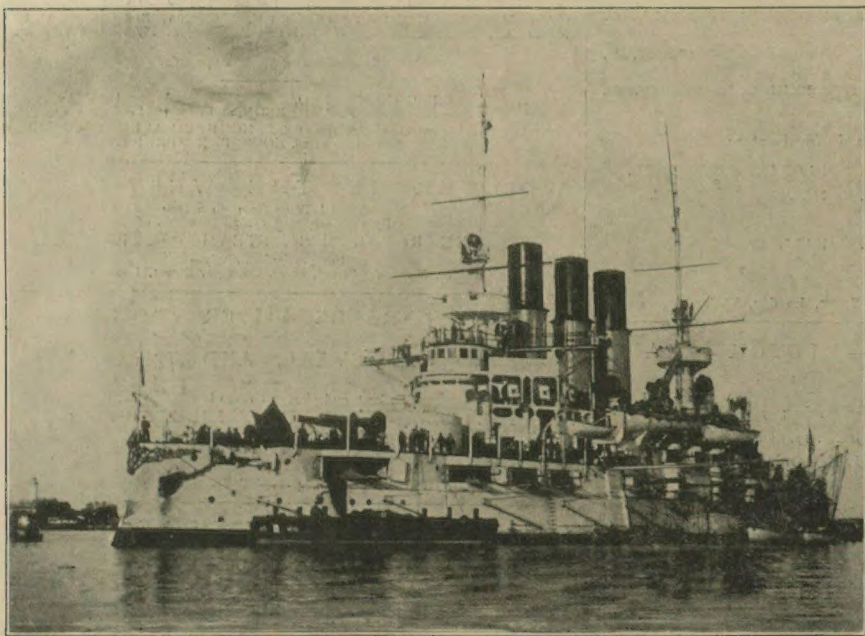
THE BALTIMORE FIRE.

Baltimore has been the scene of a fire recalling, if not equaling in magnitude and horror, the Chicago conflagration of 1871. It originated in the wholesale dry goods store of Messrs. John Hurst and Co. in the business section of the city, and, influenced by a

Baltimore has been the scene of a fire recalling, if not equaling in magnitude and horror,

Wimborne included the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, the Earl of Rosebery, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir William and Lady Harcourt, and many other well-known figures in the political and social world.

THE ROYAL WEDDING. The wedding of Princess Alice of Albany with Prince Alexander of Teck, although not a State ceremony, was yet celebrated with much pomp at St. George's Chapel,



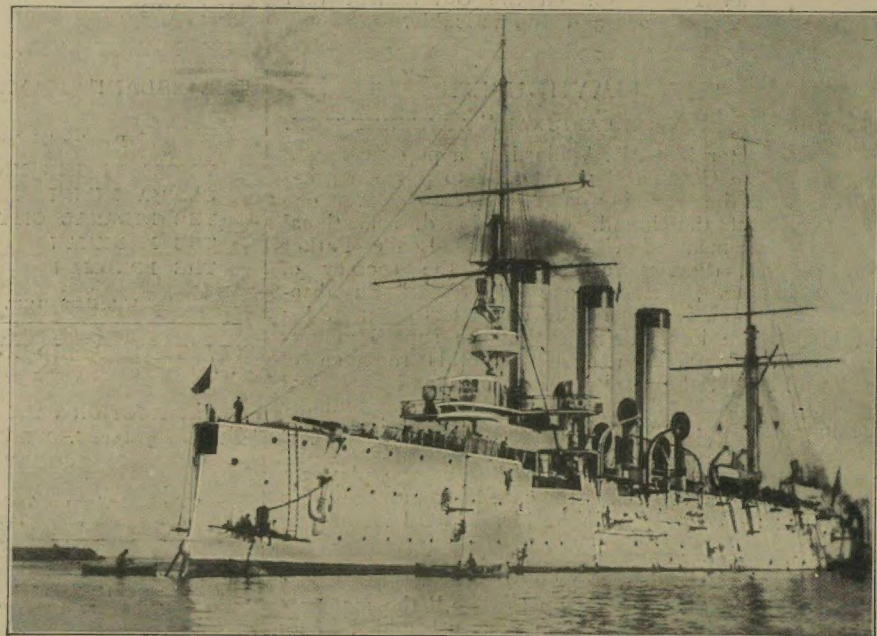
THE FIRST RUSSIAN NAVAL LOSS IN THE WAR: THE BATTLE-SHIP "RETIVIZAN," TORPEDOED AT PORT ARTHUR, FEBRUARY 8.

The "*Retvizan*" was launched in 1900. She has a displacement of 12,700 tons; horse-power, 17,000; speed, 18 knots per hour. Her armament is the same as that of her sister-ship, the "*Tsarevitch*."

serious. Port Arthur has a dock large enough to accommodate any of the three ships, but difficulties of repairing may throw them out of action for the remainder of the war. It is extraordinary that the Russians should have shown such contempt of their enemy as to pass the night in the outer roadstead with only two torpedo-boats patrolling the lines. The rest of the Russian fleet fired for some time in a seaward direction, and then returned to harbour. The Japanese then began to bombard Port Arthur at a three-mile range, but they did little or no damage to the town, although it was erroneously reported during the day that Port Arthur was in flames. The Japanese, however, damaged with shell, and put out of action the Russian battle-ship *Pollava* and the cruisers *Diana*, *Askold*, and *Novik*. The Mikado's forces have landed at Chemulpo, and a squadron has sunk the finest Russian cruiser, the *Variag*, and a torpedo gun-boat the *Korietz*. Landings have also been effected at Masampho and Fusan.

TIBET AND RUSSIA.

The official documents published by Lord Lansdowne illustrate once more the pertinacity of Russia in sticking her fingers into pies that do not belong to her. It is evident that the British expedition to Tibet is due to the rebuffs inflicted upon the Indian Government by the Tibetans at Russian instigation. At one time Russia had the coolness to threaten us with open intervention. This move was neatly countered by Lord Lansdowne, who told the Russian Government plainly that if they intervened, we should intervene in much greater strength. Tibet is close to the Indian



THE FIRST RUSSIAN NAVAL LOSS IN THE WAR: THE CRUISER "PALLADA" TORPEDOED AT PORT ARTHUR, FEBRUARY 8.

The "*Pallada*" is of 6630 tons displacement. Her speed is twenty knots per hour, and she carries six 6-in. guns. She is reported to have sunk.

strong wind, spread rapidly and involved some twenty blocks of buildings. Hundreds of houses, including hotels, public buildings, offices, and shops, have been destroyed; the total damage amounting, it is said, to over twenty million pounds. Fortunately, only one life has been lost, but the injured total over a hundred.

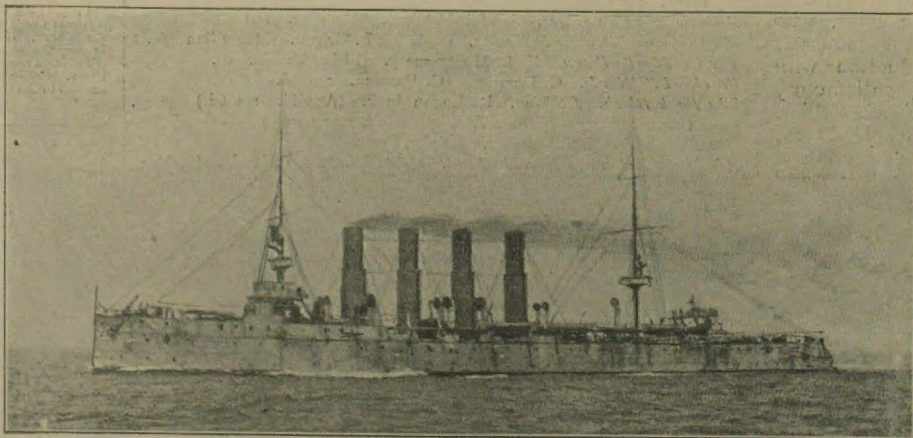
MEMORIAL TO MR. W. L. THOMAS, R.I. In response to the desire expressed by the many friends and admirers of the late Mr. W. L. Thomas, the founder of the *Graphic* and *Daily Graphic*, that some fitting monument should be raised to the memory of one who

Windsor, on Feb. 10. The King and Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales attended. The Archbishop of Canterbury officiated, and the bride was given away by her brother, the young Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

THE NEW ARMY COUNCIL.

To those versed in the dilatory methods of officialdom, the speed with which the appointments to the new Army Council have been made is as surprising as the speed with which the Royal Commission announced its recommendations for reconstruction, but it is none the less satisfactory. That the members chosen to conduct what must, of

course, still be regarded as an experiment will perform their several tasks to the best of their ability is without doubt. It remains to be seen whether the method will prove as satisfactory with the Army as it has with the Senior Service. The Right Hon. Hugh Oakeley Arnold-Forster, M.P., who, as Secretary of State, represents the Crown, has studied the intricacies of national defence policy since he entered Parliament fourteen years ago, and, as Financial Secretary to the Admiralty in Lord Salisbury's Government, gained a knowledge of Whitehall procedure that should now serve him in good stead. His interest in foreign armies is as keen and as deep as his interest in the Army of his own country. Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir Neville Gerald Lyttelton, K.C.B., the First Military Member, vacates the chief command of the troops in South Africa, which he has held since Lord Kitchener's return. He came prominently to the front when commanding the Second British Brigade at Omdurman; has seen service in India, Egypt,

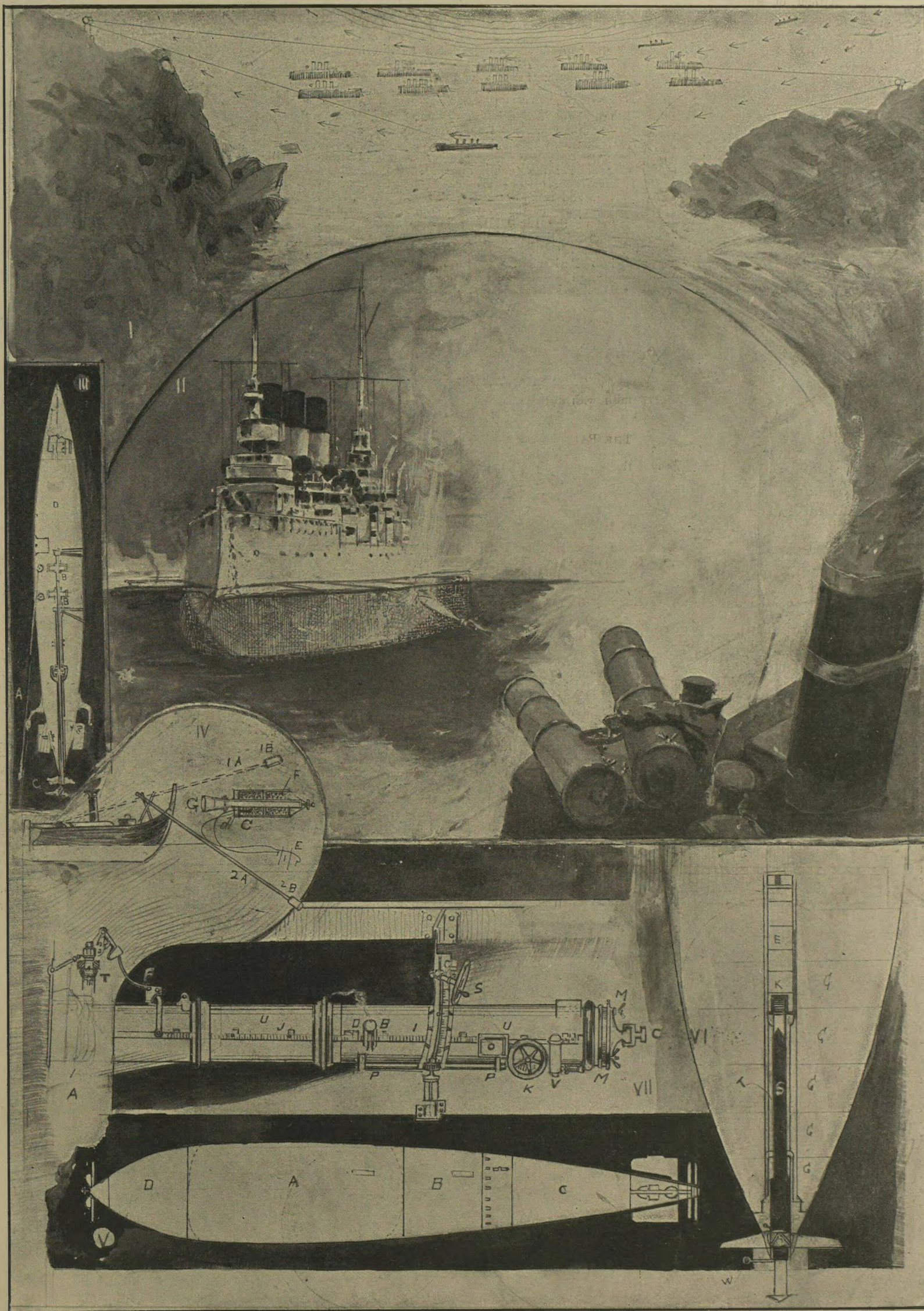


THE RUSSIAN CRUISER "VARIAG," SUNK AT CHEMULPO BY THE JAPANESE, FEBRUARY 9.

The "*Variag*," which was sunk after a gallant resistance, was built by Cramp, of Philadelphia, in 1899. She was one of the finest Russian cruisers. Her burthen was 6500 tons. She carried twelve 6-inch, twelve 3-inch, and six 3-pounder guns. Her speed was 24½ knots. For a time she was the fastest cruiser afloat.

THE JAPANESE TORPEDO EXPLOIT: METHODS OF THE DEADLIEST NAVAL MISSILE.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT; DIAGRAMS BASED ON LIEUTENANT ARMSTRONG'S "TORPEDOES AND TORPEDO WARFARE."



1. SUPPOSED METHOD OF THE JAPANESE TORPEDO-ATTACK ON THE RUSSIAN FLEET AT PORT ARTHUR, FEBRUARY 8.

Advance of torpedo-boats indicated by line of arrows; direction of torpedo by straight line.

2. THE FUTILE TORPEDO-NET PENETRATED BY A TORPEDO'S "CUTTER."

Torpedoes fitted with a cutter pierce any net. The whole net is under water.

3. THE BRENNAN TORPEDO FOR HARBOUR DEFENCE.

This missile is directed from the shore by a String A, which, when pulled, rotates the Drums B B, which cause the Screw-Propellers C to revolve. D is the Charge, which is fired by contact with the vessel attacked.

4. THE SPAR TORPEDO.

To a Spar, 1 A, carried by a boat, is attached a Torpedo, 1 B. The boat approaches the enemy as near as possible, depresses the spar below the water-line, as in 2 A, 2 B, and fires, the shock being generally equally disastrous to attacker and attacked. C, Section of spar torpedo; F, Charge; G, Neck for fixing to spar; D, Detonator fired by Electric Battery E.

5. THE DEADLIEST OF MODERN TORPEDOES: THE "WHITEHEAD" IN SECTION.

A, Air-Chamber; B, Balance-Chamber; C, Buoyancy-Chamber; D, Explosive Head; E, Engine-Room. The "Whitehead" is shot by compressed air from a tube carried by a war-ship below the water-line. As the missile takes the water, the automatic touching of a trigger sets in motion the compressed-air engine which drives the propellers.

6. EXPLOSIVE HEAD OF WHITEHEAD TORPEDO, USED BY THE JAPANESE NAVY.

Contact with any object (e.g., side of a ship), drives Striker S against the Detonator K, explodes the Priming E, and in turn fires the heavy charge of Gun cotton G.

7. A MODERN TORPEDO-TUBE, AS USED IN THE JAPANESE NAVY.

The Tube UU works upon Pivot P; S, Handle for aiming; R, Elevation Screw; W, Tripper; PP, Compressed-air Reservoir for firing torpedo; V, Firing-Valve; B, Magnetic Firing-Gear, 1, Firing-Rod; A, Canvas Diaphragm, protecting opening in ship's side; MM, Door of Tube. Method of Firing:—Electro-Magnet B releases heavy ball, which turns Firing-Rod, 1. The sudden release of compressed air passing through Valve V blows out the torpedo, which can also be ejected by a small charge of powder in Pocket C.

and South Africa, where for a time he acted as Chief of Staff to Sir Redvers Buller in Natal; took part in the relief of Ladysmith, was in charge of the operations against De Wet, and subsequently commanded in Natal. His previous experience in London has been confined to the duties of Assistant Adjutant-General at the War Office and of Assistant Military Secretary. On the Council he will be chiefly responsible for questions of military policy, operations of war, training, and

Cambridge. For nearly thirty years he was Reader of the Temple, for sixteen years Canon of Bristol, and from 1894 until the time of his death Master of the Temple. He had been Honorary Chaplain and Chaplain-in-Ordinary to Queen Victoria, and Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the King.

The illness which so dramatically overtook Mr. Joseph Powell Williams in the House of Commons on Feb. 5, and which culminated in the hon. member's death on the Sunday following, creates a vacancy in South Birmingham, and removes a man who was for long associated with the political and social life of Birmingham, and who was one of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's most assiduous supporters. Mr. Williams, who was born in Worcester sixty-four years ago, became a member of the Birmingham Town Council in 1877, and has been Chairman of that Council's Finance Committee, Alderman of the City of Birmingham, Hon. Secretary of the National Liberal Federation before the Liberal Unionist split, and Chairman of the Management Committee of the Liberal Unionist Association. His first entry into Parliament was in 1885, when he was elected for South Birmingham as a Liberal. During Lord Salisbury's Administration from 1895 to 1900 he performed the duties of Financial Secretary to the War Office, subsequently being sworn of the Privy Council.

General Sir Edward Lechmere Graves Russell, who died at the end of last month, was born in 1818, the son of the late General Russell, C.B., R.A., and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He entered the Indian Army in 1837, and became General in 1877. He served with the Field Force in Scinde and Afghanistan; was present at all the operations, including the destruction of Imaumghur; and acted as Adjutant of the Scinde Horse at the battles of Meanee and Hyderabad and the surrender of Omerkote. His services in the Abyssinian War earned him the thanks of both Houses of Parliament and a Knight Commandership of the Star of India. He was afterwards Political Resident and Commandant of Aden, and was instrumental in procuring the re-armament of that fortress. His last command was that of the Northern Division of the Bombay Army.

Our French contemporary *L'Illustration*, which so recently lost M. Lucien Marc, its managing editor, now mourns his successor, M. Victor de Paepé. M. de Paepé's death from pneumonia, at the age of fifty-seven, is a matter of sincere regret, not only to his colleagues, but to those members of the staff of *The Illustrated London News* whose pleasure it was to meet him on the numerous occasions on which he visited this country.

Handicapped as he undoubtedly was by a delivery that was curiously halting, the Right Hon. Hugh Hyacinth O'Rorke MacDermot, K.C. (The MacDermot), who died on Feb. 6, was, with the single exception of the Lord Chief Baron, perhaps the most distinguished lawyer in Ireland, and without doubt the most accomplished and effective advocate, an authority on common

The death of the Hon. Lady Inglis snaps yet another link between the dark days of the Indian Mutiny and the present time of Imperial unity. Her husband was Sir John Eardley Wilmot Inglis, the defender of the Residency at Lucknow, and with him she sustained the rigours of the siege, one of the 800 women and children protected by that little band that maintained the defence described by General Outram as "unparalleled in European history." Nor did Lady Inglis's adventures lapse



Photo, Whitlock.
THE LATE RIGHT HON. J.
POWELL WILLIAMS, P.C.
M.P. FOR SOUTH BIRMINGHAM.



Photo, Russell.
THE LATE CANON AINGER,
MASTER OF THE TEMPLE.



Photo, Lafayette.
THE LATE RIGHT HON. H. H.
O'RORKE MACDERMOT, K.C.,
THE MACDERMOT.



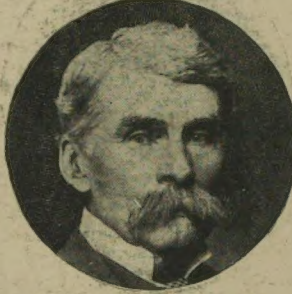
THE LATE M. V. DE PAEPÉ,
EDITOR OF "L'ILLUSTRATION."



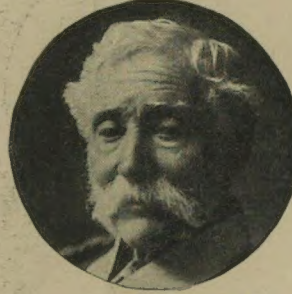
Photo, Russell.
THE LATE MR. B. PICKARD,
M.P. FOR THE NORMANTON DIVISION
OF YORKSHIRE.



THE LATE LADY INGLIS,
A HEROINE OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE SIR E. BRADDON,
EX-PREMIER OF TASMANIA.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE GENERAL SIR
E. L. G. RUSSELL,
FORMERLY OF THE INDIAN ARMY.

military education. The Second Military Member, Major-General Charles Whittingham Horsley Douglas, who will supervise personnel and discipline, is commander of the Second Division of the First Army Corps. His war service includes the Afghan Campaign and the march from Kabul to Kandahar, South Africa and Majuba, the Suakim Expedition, and the recent South African War. Major-General Herbert Charles Onslow Plumer, C.B., the Third Military Member, is chiefly known to the general public for his daring attempts to relieve Mafeking during the South African War and for his able work as commander of one of the flying columns. Supply and transport will be his especial care. Major-General Sir James Wolfe-Murray, K.C.B., Fourth Military Member, will be responsible for armaments and fortifications. He has been Quarter-master-General in India for some time past, and has served in Ashanti and Natal. Colonel Sir Edward Willis Duncan Ward, K.C.B., the Permanent Under-Secretary of State, who is Secretary to the Council, is the officer dubbed "the best commissariat officer since Moses" by Sir George White, a compliment justified by his management of the provisions and stores at Ladysmith during the siege. Richard Walter John Hely-Hutchinson, sixth Earl of Donoughmore, Civil Member of the Council, became Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State when Mr. Balfour recently reorganised his Ministry. The Hon. William Bromley-Devonport, D.S.O., M.P., Civil Member, is a member for the Macclesfield Division, and Financial Secretary. He held a Yeomanry Command in South Africa.

OUR PORTRAITS.

Readers of Lamb and lovers of Lamb's personality will regret the death of the Rev. Alfred Ainger as deeply as those who actually knew him. His monograph on the essayist contributed to the "English Men of Letters" series and his editions of the "Works" and "Letters" earned him many friends who were strangers to him, but who none the less valued him as a fellow. Canon Ainger, who was in his sixty-seventh year, was educated at King's College School and at Trinity Hall,

THE NEW ARMY SCHEME: MEMBERS OF THE ARMY COUNCIL.

law and an exceptionally skilled cross-examiner. Born in July 1834, he was called to the Bar in 1862, took silk fifteen years later, and became, in turn, Solicitor-General for Ireland, Attorney-General, and a Privy Councillor. Politically, he was not an ardent worker, but his interest in the Liberal cause was earnest and consistent. He succeeded to the chiefship on the death of his father, commonly known as the Prince of Coolavin.

South and West Yorkshire, and was elected General Secretary of the Yorkshire Miners' Association. This again brought him forward, and he took an active part in politics, which culminated in his return for the mining constituency of Normanton in 1885. In the House of Commons he showed himself a speaker direct even to bluntness, a staunch Liberal, and a Free Churchman. He was well known also as an organiser of trades congresses, and as a member of the Peace Society.



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR J.
WOLFE-MURRAY,
FOURTH MILITARY MEMBER.



Photo, Russell.
THE RIGHT HON. H. O.
ARNOLD-FORSTER,
SECRETARY OF STATE.



Photo, Dickinsons.
MR. W. BROMLEY-DEVON-
PORT, M.P.
CIVIL MEMBER.



Photo, Lafayette.
THE SIXTH EARL OF
DONOUGHMORE,
CIVIL MEMBER.



Photo, Knight.
MAJOR-GENERAL H. C. O.
PLUMER, C.B.,
THIRD MILITARY MEMBER.



Photo, Knight.
MAJOR-GENERAL C. W. H.
DOUGLAS,
SECOND MILITARY MEMBER.



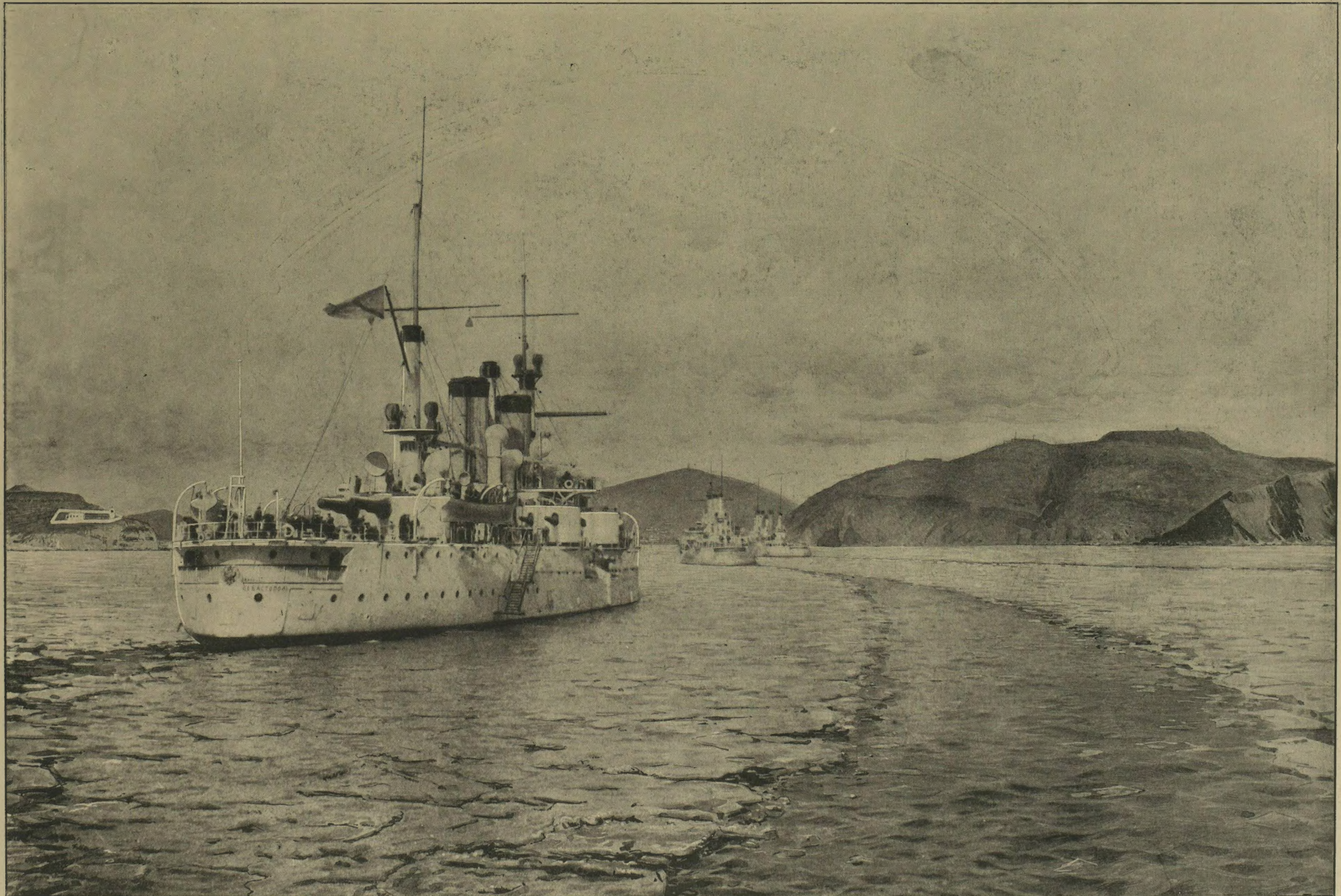
Photo, Haines.
COLONEL SIR EDWARD WILLIS
DUNCAN WARD,
SECRETARY.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL THE
HON. SIR N. G. LYTTON,
FIRST MILITARY MEMBER.

THE ACTUAL SCENE OF THE FIRST HOSTILITIES BETWEEN RUSSIA AND JAPAN: WINTRY PORT ARTHUR.

DRAWN BY L. SABATIER FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.



THE ACTUAL SPOT WHERE THE TORPEDO-ATTACK OF FEBRUARY 8 TOOK PLACE, AND RUSSIAN WAR-SHIPS ENTERING PORT ARTHUR THROUGH THE BROKEN ICE.

The above Illustration is based on a photograph recently made by the French Consul at Chifu. The thin layer of ice, such as is shown in the picture, can be easily cut by an advancing ship.

THE ROYAL WEDDING: THE BRIDE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY W. S. STUART.



H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE OF ALBANY, MARRIED TO H.S.H. PRINCE ALEXANDER OF TECK, FEBRUARY 10, 1904.

THE ROYAL WEDDING: THE BRIDEGROOM.

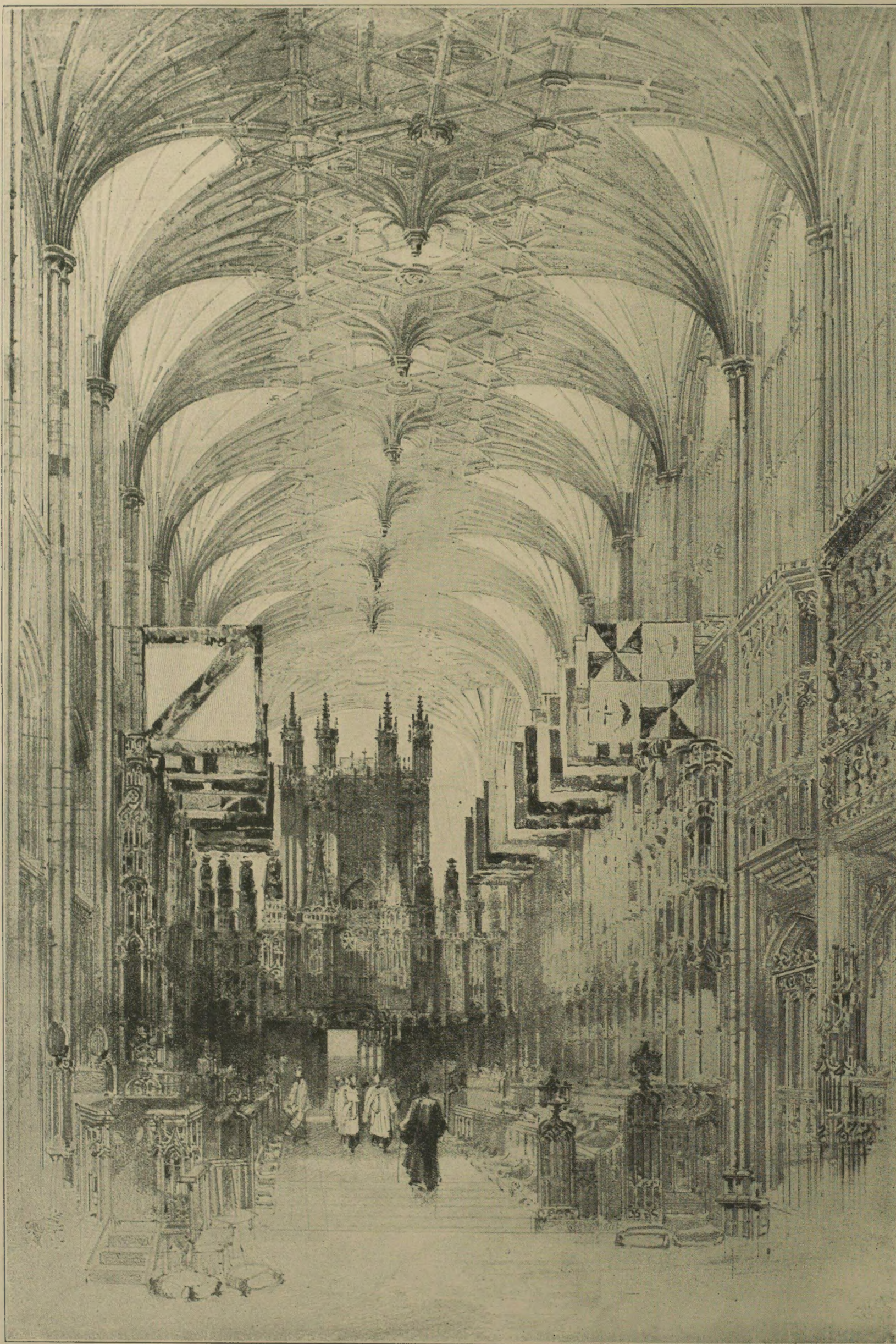
PHOTOGRAPH BY W. S. STUART.



H.S.H. PRINCE ALEXANDER OF TECK, MARRIED TO H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE OF ALBANY, FEBRUARY 10, 1904.

THE ROYAL WEDDING: THE SCENE OF THE CEREMONY.

DRAWN BY HERBERT RAILTON.



ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR, WHERE PRINCE ALEXANDER OF TECK AND PRINCESS ALICE OF ALBANY WERE MARRIED ON FEBRUARY 10.

St. George's Chapel, the scene of so many historic ceremonies, was rebuilt as we now have it by Edward IV., and was added to by Henry VII. Chaucer was clerk of the works at the first foundation. The pile is said to be the finest existing example of the Later English architecture. St. George's is the chapel of the Knights of the Garter, whose banners hang over their stalls. These last are emblazoned with the Knights' arms. Lord Roberts' banner has just been placed in position.

THE ROYAL WEDDING: THE FIVE BRIDESMAIDS.



PRINCESS PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT.
Photo. Lafayette.

PRINCESS HELEN OF WALDECK-PYRMONT.

PRINCESS MARY OF WALES.
Photo. W. and D. Downey.

PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT.
Photo. Lafayette.

PRINCESS MARY OF TECK.
Photo. Speaight.

THE KING AT AN ICE FESTIVAL: THE UNION JACK CLUB SKATING CARNIVAL.

SKETCHES BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.



SKATING BEFORE ROYALTY AT HENGLER'S, FEBRUARY 4.

The Ice Carnival in aid of the Union Jack Club was attended by the King and Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria, Princess Charles of Denmark, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. A very brilliant gathering in fancy costume kept up the gaiety on the ice and at the supper-tables until the small hours of the morning.



The Last Hope.

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN. * Illustrated by A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER XIII.

WITHIN THE GATES.

The great bell hanging inside the gates of Gemosac was silent for two days after the return of Juliette de Gemosac from her fever-stricken convent-school at Saintes.

But on the third day, soon after nightfall, it rang once more, breaking suddenly in on the silence of the shadowy courts and gardens, bidding the frogs in the tank be still, with a soft clear voice only compassed by the artificers who worked in days when silver was little accounted of in the forging of a bell.

It was soon after eight o'clock, and darkness had not long covered the land and sent the workers home. There was no moon. Indeed, the summons to the gate coming so soon after nightfall seemed to suggest the arrival of a traveller who had not deemed it expedient to pass through the winding streets of Gemosac by daylight.

The castle stands on a height sufficiently removed from the little town to temper the stir of its streets to a pleasant and unobtrusive evidence of neighbourhood. Had the traveller come in a carriage, the sound of its wheels would certainly have been heard; and nearer at hand the tramp of horses on the hollow of the old drawbridge, not raised these hundred years, must have heralded the summons of the bell. But none of these sounds had warned Juliette de Gemosac, who sat alone in the little white room upstairs, nor Marie and her husband, dumb and worn by the day's toil, who awaited bedtime on a stone seat by the stable-door.

Juliette, standing at the open window, heard Jean stir himself and shuffle in his slippers towards the gate.

"It is someone who comes on foot," she heard Marie say; "some beggar—the roads are full of them. See that he gets no farther than the gate."

She heard Jean draw back the bolts and answer gruffly in a few words through the interstice of a grudging door what seemed to be inquiries made in a voice that was not the voice of a peasant. Marie rose and went to the gate. In a few minutes they returned, and Juliette drew back from the window, for they were accompanied by the newcomer, whose boots made a sharper, clearer sound on the cobble-stones.

"Yes," Juliette heard him explain, "I am an Englishman, but I come from Monsieur de Gemosac for all that. And since Mademoiselle is here I must see her. It was by chance that I heard on the road that there is fever at Saintes, and that she had returned home. I was on my way to Saintes to see her and give her my news of her father."

"But what news?" asked Marie. And the answer was lost as the speakers passed into the doorway, the newcomer evidently leading the way, the peasant and his wife following without protest, and with that instinctive obedience to unconscious command which will survive all the iconoclasm of a hundred revolutions.

There followed a tramping on the stairs and a half-suppressed laugh as the newcomer stumbled upwards. Marie opened the door slowly.

"It is a gentleman," she announced, "who does not give his name."

Juliette de Gemosac was standing at the far side of the table, with the lamp throwing its full light upon her. She was dressed in white, with a blue ribbon at her waist and wrists. Another ribbon of the same colour tied back her hair, which was of a bright brown, with curls that caught the light in a score of tendrils above her ears. No finished coquette could have planned a prettier surprise than that which awaited Loo Barebone as he made Marie stand aside and came hat in hand into the room.

He paused for an instant, breathless, before Juliette, who stood with a little smile of composed surprise parting her lips. This child, fresh from the quiet of a convent-school, was in no wise taken aback, nor at a loss how to act. She did not speak, but stood with head erect, not ungracious, looking at him with clear brown eyes, awaiting his explanation. And Loo Barebone, all untaught, who had never spoken to a French lady in his life, came forward with an assurance and a readiness which must have lain dormant in his blood awaiting the magic of this moment.

"Since my name would convey nothing to Mademoiselle," he said, with a bow which he had assuredly not learnt in Farlingford, "it was useless to mention it. But it is at the disposal of Mademoiselle, nevertheless. It is an English name: Barebone. I am the Englishman who has been fortunate enough to engage the interest of your father, who journeyed to England to find me—and found me."

He broke off with a laugh, spreading out his arms to show himself, as it were, and ask indulgence.

"I have a heritage, it appears, in France," he went on, "but know nothing of it yet. For the weather has been bad and our voyage a stormy one. I was to have been told during the journey, but we had no time for that. And I know no more than you, Mademoiselle."

Juliette had changed colour, and her cheeks, which were usually of a most delicate pink, were suddenly quite white. She did not touch upon the knowledge to which he referred, but went past it to its object.

"You do not speak like an Englishman," she said. "For I have seen one. He came to the school at Saintes. He was a famous English prelate, and he had the manner—well, of a tree. And when he spoke it was what one would expect of a tree if it suddenly had speech; but you—you are not like that."

Loo Barebone laughed with an easy gaiety which seemed infectious, though Marie did not join in it, but stood scowling in the doorway.

"Yes," he said, "you have described them exactly. I know a hundred who are like great trees. Many are so, but they are kind and still like trees, the English, when you know them, Mademoiselle."

"They?" she said, with her prettily arched eyebrows raised high.

"We, I mean," he answered quickly, taking her meaning in a flash. "I almost forgot that I was an Englishman. It is my heritage, perhaps, that makes me forget—or yourself. It is so easy and natural to consider oneself a Frenchman—and so pleasant."

Marie shuffled with her feet and made a movement of impatience, as if to remind them that they were still far from the business in hand, and were merely talking of themselves, which is the beginning of all things—or, maybe, the beginning of the inevitable end.

"But I forgot," said Barebone at once. "And it is getting late. Your father has had a slight misfortune. He has sprained his ankle. He is on board my ship, the ship of which I am—I have been—an officer, lying at anchor in the river near here, off the village of Mortagne. I came from Mortagne at your father's request with certain messages, for yourself, Mademoiselle, and for Marie—if Madame is Marie."

"Yes," replied the grim voice in the doorway, "Madame is Marie."

Loo had turned towards her. It seemed his happy fate to be able to disarm antagonism at the first pass. He looked at Marie and laughed; and slowly, unwillingly, her grim face relaxed.

"Well," he said. "You are not to expect Monsieur le Marquis to-night, nor yet for some time to come. For he will go on to Bordeaux, where he can obtain skilled treatment for his injured ankle—and remain there until he can put his foot to the ground. He is comfortable enough on board the ship, which will proceed up the river to-morrow morning to Bordeaux. Monsieur le Marquis also told me to set your mind at rest on another point. He was to have brought with him a guest."

Loo paused and bowed to Marie with a gay grace.

"A humble one. But I am not to come to Gemosac just now. I am going instead with Monsieur Dormer Colville to stay at Royan with Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence. It is, I hope, a pleasure deferred. I cannot, it appears, show myself in Bordeaux at present, and I quit the ship to-night. It is some question of myself and my heritage in France—which I do not understand."

"Is that so?" said Marie. "One can hardly believe it."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing," replied Marie, looking at his face with a close scrutiny, as if it were familiar to her.

"And that is all that I had to tell you, Madame Marie," concluded Barebone.

And, strangely enough, Marie smiled at him, as he turned away, not unkindly.

"To you, Mademoiselle," he went on, turning again to Juliette, whose hand was at her hair, for she had been taken by surprise, "my message is simpler. Monsieur your father will be glad to have your society at Bordeaux while he stays there, if that is true which the Gironde pilot told him of fever at Saintes, and the hurried dispersal of the schools."

"It is true enough, Monsieur," answered Juliette in her low-pitched voice of the South and with a light of anticipation in her eyes; for it was dull enough at Gemosac all alone in this empty château. "But how am I to reach Bordeaux?"

"Your father did not specify the route or method. He seemed to leave that to you, Mademoiselle. He

seemed to have an entire faith in your judgment, and that is why I was so surprised when I saw you. I thought—well, I figured to myself that you were older, you understand."

He broke off with a laugh and a deprecatory gesture of the hand, as if he had more in his mind, but did not want to put it into words. His meaning was clear enough in his eyes; but Juliette was fresh from a convent-school where they seek earnestly to teach a woman not to be a woman.

"One may be young and still have understanding, Monsieur," she said, with the composed little smile on her demure lips which must only have been the composure of complete innocence: almost a monopoly of children, though some women move through life without losing it.

"Yes," answered Loo, looking into her eyes. "So it appears. So how will you go to Bordeaux? How does one go from Gemosac to Bordeaux?"

"By carriage to Mortagne, where a boat is always to be obtained. It is a short journey if the tide is favourable," broke in Marie, who was practical before she was polite.

"Then," said Loo as quick as thought, "drive back with me now to Mortagne. I have left my horse in the town; my boat at the pier at Mortagne. It is an hour's drive. In an hour and a half you will be on board *The Last Hope*, at anchor in the river. There is accommodation on board for both you and Madame, for I, alas! leave the ship to-night with Monsieur Colville, and thus vacate two cabins."

Juliette reflected for a moment; but she did not consult, even by a glance, Marie, who, in truth, appeared to expect no such confidence, but awaited the decision with a grim and grudging servitude which was as deeply pressed in upon her soul as was the habit of command in the soul of a Gemosac.

"Yes," said Juliette at length, "that will be best. It is of course important that my father should reach Bordeaux as soon as possible."

"He will be there at midday to-morrow if you will come with me now," answered Loo, and his gay eyes said

"Come!" as clearly as his lips, though Juliette, fresh from the hush of the cloister, could not, of course, be expected to read such signals.

The affair was soon settled, and Jean ordered to put the horse into the high, old-fashioned carriage still in use at the château. For Juliette de Gemosac seemed to be an illustration of the fact, known to many much-tried parents, that one is never too young to know one's mind.

"There is a thunderstorm coming from the sea," was Jean's only comment.

There was some delay in starting; for Marie had to change her own clothes as well as pack her young mistress's simple trunks. But the time did not seem to hang heavily on the hands of the two waiting in the little drawing-room, and Marie turned an uneasy glance towards the open door more than once at the sound of their laughter.

Barebone was riding a horse hired in the village of Mortagne, and quitted the château first on foot, saying that the carriage must necessarily travel quicker than he as his horse was tired. The night was dark, and darkest to the west, where lightning danced in and out among heavy clouds over the sea.

As in all lands that have been torn hither and thither by long wars, the peasants of Guienne learnt long ago the wisdom of dwelling together in closely built villages, making a long journey to their fields or vineyards every day. In times past Gemosac had been a walled town, dominated, as usual, by the almost impregnable castle.

Barebone rode on alone through the deserted vineyards, of which the scent, like that of a vinery in

colder lands, was heavy and damp. The road runs straight from point to point, and there was no chance of missing the way or losing his companions. He was more concerned with watching the clouds which were rising in dark towers against the western sky. He had noted that other people were watching them also, standing at their doors in every street. It was the period of thunder and hailstorms—the deadly foe of the vine.

At length Barebone pulled up and waited; for he could hear the sound of wheels behind him, and noted that it was not increasing in loudness.

"Can you not go faster?" he shouted to Jean when at length the carriage approached.

Jean made no answer, but lashed his horse and pointed upwards to the sky with his whip. Barebone rode in front to encourage the slower horse. At the village of Mortagne he signed to Jean to wait before the inn until he had taken his horse to the stable and paid for its hire. Then he clambered to the box beside him, and they rattled down the long street and out into the open road that led across the marshes to the port—a few wooden houses and a jetty running out from the shallows to the channel.

When they reached the jetty, going slowly at the last through the heavy dust, the air was still and breathless. The rounded clouds towered above them, making the river black with their deep shadow. A few lights twinkled across the waters: they were on

shoulder, could hear the wet rope slipping through his fingers, and presently the bump of the heavy boat against the timber of the steps.

This was followed by the gurgling of a rope through a well-greased sheave, and the square lug, which had been the joy of little Sep Marvin at Farlingford, crept up to the truck of the stubby mast.

"There is no wind for that," remarked Marie pessimistically.

"There will be to spare in a few minutes," answered Barebone, and the monosyllabic Jean gave an acquiescent grunt.

"Luggage first," said Barebone, lapsing into the curtness of the sea. "Come along. Let us make haste."

They stumbled on board as best they could, and were guided to a safe place amidships by Loo, who had thrown a spare sail on the bottom of the boat.

"As low as you can," he said. "Crouch down. Cover yourselves with this. Right over your heads."

"But why?" grumbled Marie.

"Listen," was all the answer he gave her. And as he spoke the storm rushed upon them like a train with the roar and whirl of a locomotive.

Loo jumped aft to the tiller. In the rush of the hail they heard him give a sharp order to Jean, who must have had some knowledge of the sea, for he obeyed at once, and the boat, set free, lurched forward with a flap of her sail which was like the report of a cannon. For a moment

all seemed confusion and flapping chaos, then came a sense of tenseness, and the boat heeled over with a swish which added a hundredweight of solid water to the beating of the hail on the spare sail beneath which the women crouched.

"What? Did you speak?" shouted Loo, putting his face close to the canvas.

"It is only Marie calling on the Saints," was the answer in Juliette's laughing voice.

In a few minutes it was over; and even at the back of the winds could be heard the retreat of the hail as it crashed onwards towards the valleys, of which every slope is a named vineyard, to beat down in

a few wild moments the result of careful toil and far-sighted expenditure; to wipe out that which is unique, which no man can replace—the vintage of a year.

When the hail ceased beating on it Juliette pushed back the soaked canvas, which had covered them like a roof, and lifted her face to the cooler air. The boat was rushing through the water, and close to Juliette's cheek, just above the gunwale, rose a curved wave, green-and-white and all shimmering with phosphorescence, which seemed to hover like a hawk above its prey.

The aftermath of the storm was flying overhead in riven ribbons of cloud through which the stars were already peeping. To the westward the sky was clear, and against the last faint glow of the departed sun the lightning ran hither and thither, skipping and leaping without sound or cessation like fairies dancing.

Immediately overhead the sail creaked and tugged at its earrings, while the wind sang its high clear song round mast and halliards.

Juliette turned to look at Barebone. He was standing ankle-deep in water, leaning backwards to windward in order to give the boat every pound of weight he could. The lambent summer lightning on the western horizon illuminated his face fitfully. In that moment Juliette saw what is given to few to see and realise—though sailors perforce lie down to sleep knowing it every night—that, under Heaven, her life was wholly and solely in the two hands of a fellow-being. She knew it, and saw that Barebone knew it, though he never glanced at her. She saw the whites of his eyes gleaming as he looked up from moment to moment



He paused for an instant, breathless, before Juliette.

the light-ships marking the middle bank of the Gironde, which is many miles wide at this spot and rendered dangerous by innumerable sandbanks.

"In five minutes it will be upon us," said Jean. "You had better turn back."

"Oh, no," was the reply, with a reassuring laugh. "In the country where I come from they do not turn back."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LIFTED VEIL.

"Where is the boatman?" asked Marie, as she followed Juliette and Barebone along the deserted jetty. A light burnt dimly at the end of it, and one or two boats must have been moored near at hand; for the water could be heard lapping under their bows, a secretive whispering sound full of mystery.

"I am the boatman," replied Loo over his shoulder. "Are you afraid?"

"What is the good of being afraid?" asked this woman of the world, stopping at the head of the steps and peering down into the darkness into which he had descended. "What is the good of being afraid when one is old and married? I was afraid enough when I was a girl, and pretty and coquette like Mademoiselle here. I was afraid enough then, and it was worth my while—allez!"

Barebone made no answer to this dark suggestion of a sprightly past. The present darkness and the coming storm commanded his full attention. In the breathless silence Juliette and Marie, and behind them Jean, panting beneath the luggage balanced on his

to the head of the sail and stooped again to peer under the foot of it into the darkness ahead. He braced himself with one foot against the thwart to haul in a few inches of sheet, to which the clumsy boat answered immediately. Marie was praying aloud now, and when she opened her eyes the sight of the tossing figure in the stern of the boat suddenly turned her terror into anger.

"Ah!" she cried, "that Jean is a fool! And he who pretends to have been a fisherman when he was young—to let us come to our deaths like this!"

She lifted her head and ducked it again as a sea jumped up under the bow and rattled into the boat.

"I see no ship!" she cried. "Let us go back if we can. Name of God!—we shall be drowned! I see no ship, I tell you!"

"But I do," answered Barebone, shaking the water from his face, for he had no hand to spare. "But I do, which is more important. And you are not even wet!"

And he laughed as he brought the boat up into the wind for a few seconds to meet a wild gust. Juliette turned in surprise at the sound of his voice. In the safe and gentle seclusion of the convent school no one had thought to teach her that death may be faced with equanimity by others than the ordained of the Church, and that in the storm and stress of life men laugh in strange places and at odd times.

Loo was only thinking of his boat and watching the sky for the last of the storm—that smack, as it were, in the face—with which the Atlantic ends those black squalls that she sends us, not without thunder and the curtailed lightning of Northern seas. He was planning and shaping his course; for the watchers on board *The Last Hope* had already seen him, as he could ascertain by a second light which suddenly appeared, swung low, casting a gleam across the surf-strewn water, to show him where the ladder hung overside.

"Tell Monsieur de Gemosac that I have Mademoiselle and her maid here in the boat," Barebone called out to Captain Clubbe, whose large face loomed above the lantern he was holding overside, as he made fast the rope that had been thrown across his boat and lowered the dripping sail. The water was smooth enough under the lee of *The Last Hope*, which, being deeply laden, lay motionless at her anchor with the stream rustling past her cables.

"Stand up, Mademoiselle," said Barebone, himself balanced on the after thwart. "Hold on to me, thus—and when I let you go, let yourself go."

There was no time to protest or to ask questions. And Juliette felt herself passed on from one pair of strong arms to another, until she was standing on the deck under the humming rigging, surrounded by men who seemed huge in their gleaming oilskins.

"This way, Mademoiselle," said one, who was even larger than the others, in English, of which she understood enough to catch his meaning. "I will take you to your father. Show a light this way, one of you."

His fingers closed round her arm, and he led her, unconscious of a strength that almost lifted her from her feet, towards an open door where a lamp burnt dimly within. It smelt abominably of an untrimmed wick, Juliette thought, and the next minute she was kissing her father, who lay full length on a locker in the little cabin.

She asked him a hundred questions, and waited for few of the answers. Indeed, she supplied most of them herself; for she was very quick and gay.

"I see," she cried, "that your foot has been tied up by a sailor. He has tried to mend it as if it were a broken spar. I suppose that was the Captain who brought me to you and then ran away again as soon as he could. Yes, I have Marie with me. She is telling

them to be careful with the luggage. I can hear her. I am so glad we had a case of fever at the school. It was a lay sister, a stupid woman. But how lucky that I should be at home just when you wanted me!"

She stood upright again after deftly loosening the bandage round her father's ankle, and looked at him and laughed.

"Poor dear old papa!" she said. "One sees that you want someone to take care of you. And this cabin—oh, mon Dieu, how bare and uncomfortable! I suppose men have to go to sea alone because they can persuade no woman to go with them."

She pounced upon her father again and arranged afresh the cushions behind his back with a little air of patronage and protection. Her back was turned towards the door when someone came in; but she heard the approaching steps and looked quickly round the cabin walls.

"Heavens!" she exclaimed in a gay whisper. "No looking-glass! One sees that it is only men who live here."

And she turned with smiling eyes and a hand upraised to her disordered hair to note the newcomer.

"You should hear the sisters talk—when they are allowed," she said confidentially.

"And whisper when they are not. I can imagine it," laughed Colville. "But now you have left all that behind and have come out into the world—of men, one may say. And you have begun at once with an adventure."

"Yes. And we are going to Bordeaux, papa and I, until his foot is well again. Of course, I was in despair when I was first told of it; but now that I see him I am no longer anxious. And your messenger assured me that it was not serious."

She paused to look round the cabin, to make sure that they were alone.

"How strange he is!" she said to both her hearers in confidence, looking from one to the other with a quick bird-like turn of the head and bright eyes. "I have never seen anyone like him."

"No?" said Dormer Colville encouragingly.

"He said he was an Englishman, but, of course, he is not. He is French, and has not the manner of a *bourgeois* or a sailor. He has the manner of an

aristocrat—one would say a Royalist—like Albert de Chantonnay, only a thousand times better."

"Yes," said Colville, glancing at Monsieur de Gemosac.

"More interesting, and so quick and amusing. He spoke of a heritage in France, and yet he said he was an Englishman. I hope he will secure his heritage."

"Yes," murmured Colville, still looking at Monsieur de Gemosac.

"And then, when we were in the boat," continued Juliette, still in confidence to them both, "he changed quite suddenly. He was short and sharp. He ordered us to do this and that; and one did it somehow without question. Even Marie obeyed him without hesitating, although she was half mad with fear. We were in danger. I knew that. Anyone must have known it. And yet I was not afraid. I wonder why? And he—he laughed—that was all. *Mon Dieu!* he was brave; I never knew that anyone could be so brave."

She broke off suddenly, with her finger to her lips; for someone had opened the cabin-door. Captain Clubbe came in, filling the whole cabin with his bulk, and on his heels followed Loo Barebone, his face and hair still wet and dripping.

"Mademoiselle was wondering," said Dormer

Colville, who, it seemed, was quick to step into that silence which the object of a conversation is apt to cause. "Mademoiselle was wondering how it was that you escaped shipwreck in the storm."

"Ah! because one has a star. Even a poor sailor may have a star, Mademoiselle, as well as the Prince Napoleon, who boasts that he has one of the first magnitude. I understand."

"You are not a poor sailor, Monsieur," said Juliette.

"Then who am I?" he asked with a gay laugh, spreading out his hands and standing before them beneath the swinging lamp.

The Marquis de Gemosac raised himself on one elbow.

"I will tell you who you are," he said, in a low, quick voice, pointing one hand at Loo. "I will tell you," and his voice rose.

"You are the grandson of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. You are the last hope of the French. That is your heritage. Juliette, this is the King of France!"

Juliette turned and looked at him with all the colour gone from her face. Then instinctively she dropped on one knee, and before he had understood or could stop her, had raised his hand to her lips.

(To be continued.)



Instinctively she dropped on one knee and raised his hand to her lips.

It was Dormer Colville who laid aside his waterproof as he came and greeted her as an old friend. He had, indeed, known her since her early childhood, and had always succeeded in keeping pace with her, even in the rapid changes of her last year at school.

"Here is an adventure," he said, shaking hands. "But I can see that you have taken no harm and have not even been afraid. For us it is a pleasant surprise."

He glanced at her with a smiling approbation, not without a delicate suggestion of admiration, perhaps, such as he might well permit himself and she might even consider her due on quitting school. He was only keeping pace.

"I stayed behind to initiate your maid, who is, of course, unused to a ship, and the steward speaks but little French. But now they are arranging your cabin together."

"How delightful!" cried Juliette. "I have never been on a ship before, you know. And it is all so strange and so nice. All those big men like wet ghosts who said nothing. I think they are more interesting than women; perhaps it is because they talk less."

"Perhaps it is," admitted Colville, with a sudden gravity similar to that with which she had made the suggestion.

OUR MUSICAL MONARCH: KING EDWARD'S PATRONAGE OF AN ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

DESIGNED BY ALLAN STEWART.

SCULPTED BY PHILIP

SCULPTED BY PHILIP



Mme. Clara Butt. Mr. Morris (Sec.). The King. Mr. Kennerley Rumford. Sir J. Dimsdale. Prince of Wales. Marquis de Soveral.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING AT THE SMOKING CONCERT OF THE ROYAL AMATEUR ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY AT THE QUEEN'S HALL: THE SCENE DURING THE INTERVAL.

When Prince of Wales, King Edward was a frequent visitor to the concerts of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, and the present Prince of Wales keeps up the excellent tradition. On February 3 his Majesty honoured the Society with his presence for the first time since his accession. Mr. Ernest Ford and Dr. Elgar conducted. During the interval his Majesty held an informal reception, and among the artists presented were Madame Clara Butt and Mr. Kennerley Rumford. The programme included Tschaikowsky's famous "1812" overture.

THE OUTBREAK OF HOSTILITIES BETWEEN RUSSIA AND JAPAN: WAR PREPARATIONS.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, FEB. 13, 1904. 221

PUTTING ON HER WAR-PAINT: A JAPANESE IRONCLAD GETTING READY FOR ACTIVE SERVICE.

THE OUTBREAK OF HOSTILITIES BETWEEN RUSSIA AND JAPAN: JAPANESE ARMY TYPES.



TYPES OF ALL ARMS.



A GROUP OF SOLDIERS.



TYPES OF INFANTRY.



INFANTRY IN WINTER AND SUMMER DRESS.



A COMPARISON BETWEEN JAPANESE SOLDIERS AND A GURKHA.



TYPES OF INFANTRY: FIGURE IN CENTRE WITH KHAKI UNIFORM.



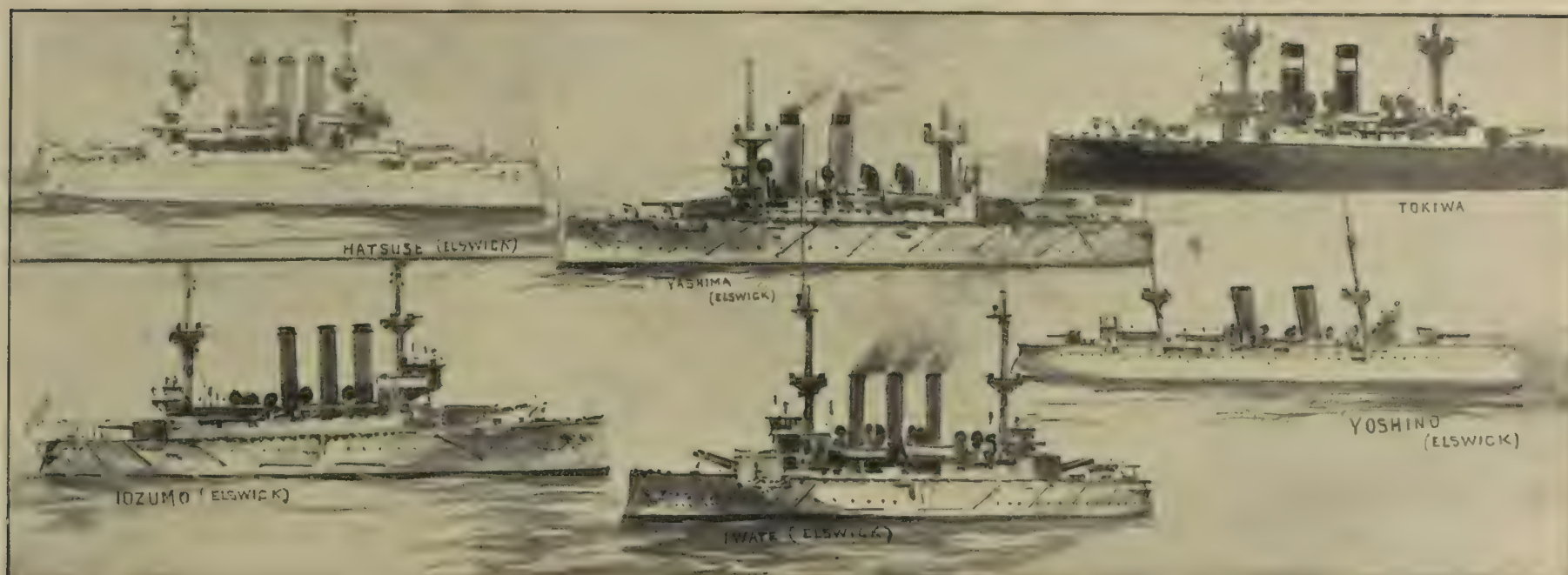
MEMBER OF THE MILITARY TRAIN AND MEMBER OF THE MILITARY POLICE.



CAVALRY IN SUMMER AND WINTER DRESS.

BRITISH-BUILT SHIPS IN THE JAPANESE NAVY.

Drawings by NORMAN WILKINSON AND H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.



THE MIKADO'S ENGLISH AND SCOTCH BUILT BATTLE-SHIPS AND CRUISERS.

Of the forty-six battle-ships and cruisers which Japan possessed at the beginning of the war, eighteen were British-built. One of these, the "Tsukushi," is not shown above, as an authentic picture was not obtainable. Most of Japan's torpedo-boats are also British-built. They numbered thirty-four, and thirty more are building.



WAR: AN ALLEGORY.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

THE SCENE OF THE FIRST HOSTILE ACT IN THE



ADMIRAL SKRYDLOFF, WHO HOLDS AN IMPORTANT NAVAL COMMAND.



TYPES OF THE RUSSIAN MOUNTED FORCES: COSSACKS OF THE LINE.



PORT ARTHUR: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWN.



THE SCENE OF THE FIRST ACT OF WAR: PORT ARTHUR, SHOWING THE HARBOUR AND DOCKYARD BUILT BY THE RUSSIANS.



A SQUAD OF COSSACKS DISMOUNTED.



RUSSIA'S CHIEF NAVAL STATION IN THE FAR EAST: THE DOCK, PORT ARTHUR, FROM THE PUBLIC GARDENS.

RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR. RUSSIAN LEADERS, AND ARMY TYPES.



A TYPE OF THE RUSSIAN FORCES ON THE KOREAN BORDER: AN INFANTRY SOLDIER.



THE CZAR'S VICEROY IN THE FAR EAST: ADMIRAL ALEXEIEFF, COMMANDER AT PORT ARTHUR.



THE SCENE OF THE TORPEDOING OF THREE OF RUSSIA'S LARGEST WAR-VESSELS: PORT ARTHUR HARBOUR.



PORT ARTHUR: THE DOCKYARD AND HARBOUR.



THE NEW RUSSIAN TOWN IN MANCHURIA: DALNY, BEGUN AND COMPLETED IN A TWELVEMONTH.



A NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER RELIEVING GUARD.

THE OPPOSING POWERS IN THE FAR EAST: ARMAMENTS AND RESOURCES.

MAPS BY A. HUGH FISHER.



VULNERABLE POINTS OF ASIATIC RUSSIA, KOREA, AND JAPAN.

The worst blow that could befall Russia, short of the loss of her fleet, would be the destruction of Port Arthur and Talienwan; the former the most powerful fortress in the Far East, the latter a thriving Russian town, rechristened Dalny. Dalny was erected within a year, and completely equipped before its inhabitants were introduced. The long coast-line of Japan, with its many towns, offers an undeniable target to a Russian attack, but the speed with which Japan has put three of her enemy's largest vessels out of action by a swift manœuvre against Port Arthur has done a great deal for the safety of the Japanese coast at the very outset of the war.



APPROXIMATE POSITION OF FORCES WHEN NEGOTIATIONS CEASED.

As far as could be ascertained from the scanty intelligence available, the Japanese ships were on February 6 nearly all in home waters. The Korean coast was closely patrolled by Japanese cruisers from Chemulpo to Fusan. Torpedo-destroyers were in the Sea of Japan, and a squadron was watching the approach to Port Arthur in order to intercept Russian vessels approaching or quitting that harbour. The Russians had their main force of fifty-three vessels at Port Arthur. The Japanese had a large concentration of land forces at Shimonoseki, and the Russian troops were massed around the shores of the Liao-Tung Gulf, at Port Arthur, and thence eastward along the Korean border to Vladivostok.



RUSSIAN NAVAL BASES AND PORTS IN THE FAR EAST.

VLADIVOSTOK.—Second-rate yard. One dock, able to take any war-ship in the world. One small floating dock, 300 ft. long. Two small basins. Some repairing-shops. Water shallow. Good tideless protected harbour. Strongly fortified (high-site batteries, with 10-inch disappearing guns).
PORT ARTHUR (1200 miles from Vladivostok).—One new dock, able to take any war-ship. Slips to construct destroyers. Very strong fortifications (high site).

TALIENWAN.—Naval and commercial harbour (building).
COMMERCIAL HARBOURS.—Vladivostok, Talienwan.
CHIEF TRADE PORTS.—Talienwan, Vladivostok.



JAPANESE NAVAL BASES AND PORTS.

YOKOSHIKAWA.—One slip. One dock (No. 2) able to take any war-ship. Two others: one, 392 by 82 by 22½ ft.; the other, 308 by 45½ by 17½ ft. There are also two small docks at Tokyo.

KURE.—One slip. One dock able to take "Takasago" class. New armour-plate factory here.
SASEBO.—No docks or slips. **MATSURU.**—New dockyard.

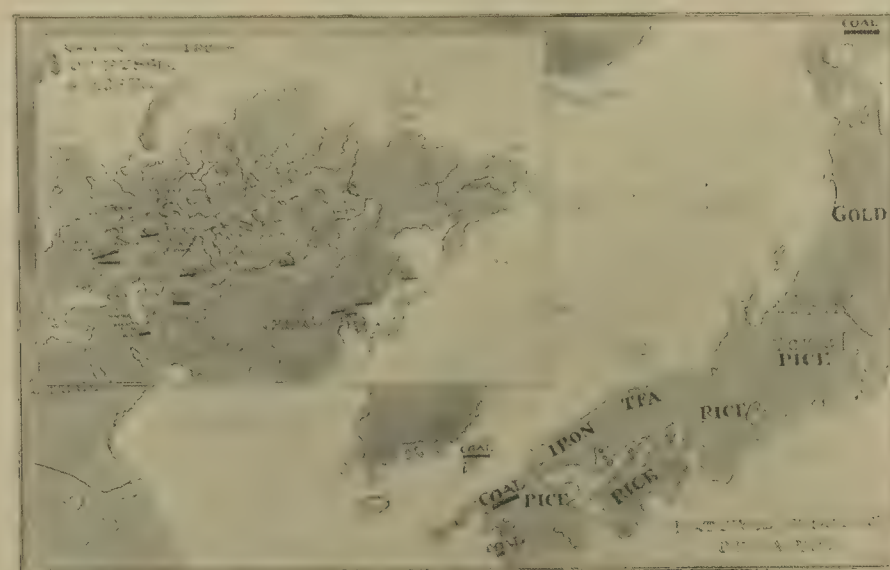
NAGASAKI.—Two long and one 371-ft. docks; can take no vessel larger than "Takasago."
TOKASHIKA.—Coaling station. Strongly fortified. **OMINATO.**—Torpedo base. **MATSUMI.** **KOBE.**

PRINCIPAL MERCANTILE PORTS.—Yokohama, Hakodate, Nagasaki.



KEYS OF THE CHANNEL COMMANDING KOREA.

A channel about one hundred miles wide between Fusan and Shimonoseki separates Korea from Japan. This waterway is of the utmost strategic importance, for the possession of it would enable Japan to prevent a junction between the Russian naval force from Port Arthur and that from Vladivostok. From Fusan there is a direct road to Seoul, the capital of Korea. Japan concentrated a large land force at Shimonoseki, and her position on the channel is strengthened by her great naval bases, Sasebo and Nagasaki. The circles in the Map mark distances of one hundred miles.



COAL SUPPLY AND OTHER NATURAL RESOURCES OF RUSSIA AND JAPAN.

The chief coalfields in Russia are in the Don region, Poland, the Urals, around Moscow, Altai, the Caucasus, and Sakhalin. In Siberia, coal is only obtained from Jurassic fresh-water deposits. Throughout the whole Empire, the output of coal is greatly increasing. The same applies to Japan. The greatest richness is in the northern Island of Yezo, where the area of coal is two-thirds as much as that of equal thickness in the British Isles. There are also coalfields on the north-west coast, on the island of Tsuchishima, opposite Nagasaki, and on the island of Anakusa, south-east of Nagasaki. The coal regions are shown in each case by dark lines.

THE EARTH'S SURFACE IN MINIATURE: PRACTICAL TEACHING OF PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FINE.



PUPILS AT THE SCHOOLS OF AVE MARIA LEARNING THE DIVISIONS OF LAND AND WATER FROM A MODEL.

We lately illustrated the ingenious method by which astronomy is taught in the Ave Maria schools in Granada. Physical geography is pursued by the same practical method. In a small lake in the grounds of the school the principal geographical divisions have been outlined in concrete, and the pupil who describes a peninsula or an island may realise it more perfectly by standing upon it while he traces the coastline with the pointer.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE GENESIS OF NERVES.

There is no more interesting speculation in connection with the science of life than that which refers to the rise of the nervous system. The apparatus whereby the animal is brought into relation with its surroundings must always possess for us the highest degree of interest, since in virtue of its actions we are enabled to know the world outside us and to appreciate ourselves. Science has traced the beginnings of nerves very low down in the animated scale. We meet with a combination of nerve-cells and muscle-cells in that low creature the *Hydra*, which is a tenant of our ditches and ponds. This initial step shows us the close relationship of nerve and muscle.

When we reach the jelly-fishes we arrive at a definite development of nervous apparatus. We find not only nerves, but nerve-cells developed in these dainty creatures that, in the delicacy of their organisation, seem so near akin to the water in which they swim. Lower down in nature, among the groundlings of life, we come upon creatures which are apparently destitute not of nerves only, but of the ordinary organs and belongings of animal existence. The humblest beings are specks of living matter or protoplasm. Although one may be very far from asserting that protoplasm is a simple living jelly, yet microscopic research of very exact kind has failed to find in these lowly organisms any traces of a nervous system. But we know that living matter exercises the property or quality of sensitiveness as one of its original heirlooms. It is nowhere found in animal or in plant without showing that it responds to stimuli. Even in the cells of a plant the living matter is seen to be sensitive; and certain plants—the *Sundews*, the *Venus' Fly-trap*, and the sensitive plants, to wit—are not merely sensitive in the sense in which all plants are, but have overcome the difficulties which stand in the way of exhibiting their sensitiveness.

The biologist here would teach us that all life exhibits sensation—the power to respond to a stimulus—and this because all living things, possessing protoplasm, must of necessity show the response in question. The ordinary flower which closes its petals when a cold wave affects it exhibits this quality. When the warmth returns, it again unfolds its flower-leaves. The tree that looks so solid and enduring equally rejoices in the possession of sensitiveness as a primary quality of its life. Why plants do not, as a rule, show forth this feature of life as do their animal neighbours is not difficult of explanation. Living matter in plants is mostly locked up within cells or compartments which possess thickened walls. True it is that from one cell to another the botanist can trace threads of living matter, passing so as to bring the living matter of the plant into one combined mass. But when the plant-cell is irritated, though the protoplasm responds, movement of the cell is impossible. Its walls are rigid, and no outward manifestation of the stimulus is apparent.

It is different in the case of the animal. There we find the living matter is all in one piece, so to speak. It possesses either living matter undivided by cell-walls, or it develops the lines of communication which we term "nerves" between one part of its body and another. When one portion of the animal is stimulated, we can see how the message is readily conveyed to another part, or radiated through the entire frame. Motion and response are therefore natural to the animal, as they are unexpected and unknown in the average plant. All depends here upon the fundamental constitution of the being; but the fact remains that in the eye of science all life is sensitive, because vitality is known only as associated with matter, which in itself responds to a stimulus.

The real problem of the rise of a nervous system, like so many other questions in biology and science at large, depends on our forming some adequate initial step, such as is consistent with fact. It is the case here of *le premier pas*. Once started fairly, and the rest of the journey is clearly outlined. Spencer's idea of the evolution of a nervous system supplies us with a definite thought, against which, so far as I know, no objection can be urged. We start with the body of an animalcule, which consists of a mass of sensitive living matter. In virtue of this sensitiveness it captures its prey by throwing its body around the particles which come in contact with it. Here we have diffused sensation, all parts being sensitive, but the margin of the body probably, through use and wont, being more sensitive than the inner portions. Now let us suppose—what is not at all an unlikely thing—that one part of such a body receives impressions over and above another part; what, it may be asked, will be the result? The answer is that from such a point messages to the interior will be more and more readily sent. In due season, such a track used continually will develop a more acute sensitiveness, and the track, definitely outlined, will become a "nerve."

This genesis of a nerve is not unsupported by the facts of biology. It resembles the case of the little rill of water which flows down on the sand. At first it is absorbed, but the further flow makes a channel, which is deepened into a definite track by successive increments of fluid. Nerve-tracks, thus outlined, tend to the development of receiving centres in the shape of nerve-cells, and these last, once established, constitute the basis of a nervous system. In some such way, aided by the scientific use of the imagination, we may conceive the nervous side of life to have originated. At least, such a view of things bridges over the otherwise impassable gulf that separates the monad in the pool from the highest intelligence the world knows.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

REV. G. DOBBS (New Orleans).—Your problem shall receive attention.

P. GRANT.—The problem is in two moves. Your ingenious solution in three is not necessary.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3103 received from Henry Percival (Newcastle, New South Wales); of No. 3114 from Cedric and Leonard Owen (Russia); of No. 3115 from Joseph Orford (Liverpool), C. Field Junior (Athol, Mass.), E. E. Hiley (Wells), Cedric and Leonard Owen (Russia), D. Pirnie (Scarborough), and Fire Plug; of No. 3116 from Doryman and Cedric and Leonard Owen (Russia); of No. 3117 from W. R. Pearce (Mevagissey), D. Pirnie, A. G. (Pancsova), Charles H. Allen (Hampstead), Doryman, Joseph Orford (Liverpool), F. Ede (Canterbury), Fire Plug, C. R. Lee (Streford), W. T. R. (New Mills), J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), A. H. Newth (Hayward's Heath), H. Walters (Plumstead), and Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth).

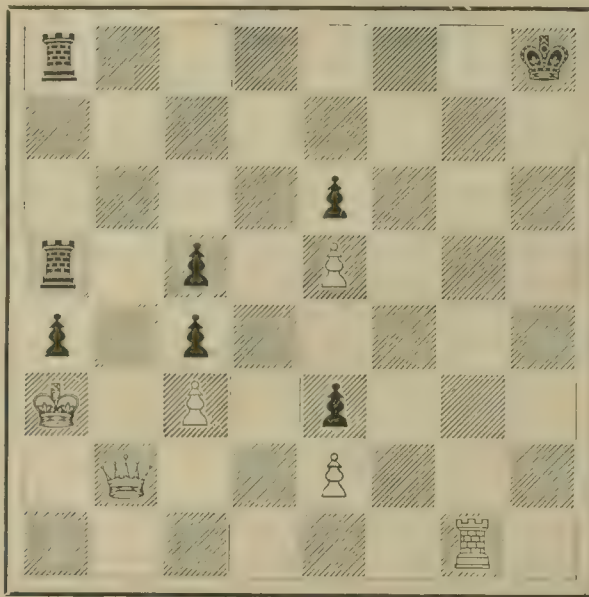
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3118 received from Shadforth, T. Morrison (Brighton), Joseph Cook, J. W. (Campsie), Sorrento, R. Worters (Canterbury), Reginald Gordon, J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), Charles Burnett, T. Roberts, Albert Wolff (Putney), F. Henderson (Leeds), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Martin F. Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), Valentin Oppermann (Marseilles), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), W. R. Coad (Walthamstow), F. J. S. (Hampstead), L. Desanges, J. Reed (Clifton), W. T. R. (New Mills), Clement C. Danby, H. S. Brandreth (Weybridge), and B. O. Clark (Wolverhampton).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3117.—By T. A. BROCK.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to K B 6th Any move
2. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 3120.—By P. DALY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN VIENNA.

The following game between Messrs. J. MUESS and H. N. PILLSBURY was selected by the judges for one of the Brilliance Prizes in the late Vienna Tourney. Being drawn, the prize was, of course, divided.

(Allgaier Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	27. B to B 5th	R takes R
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	The shortest way out of his difficulties. Danger is not over yet, but it is now reduced to a minimum.	
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K Kt 4th	28. B takes Q	P takes B
4. P to K R 4th	P to Kt 5th	29. Q to Q Kt 3rd	K to K sq
5. Kt to Kt 5th	P to K R 3rd	30. Q to K 6th (ch)	K to B sq
6. Kt takes P	K takes Kt	31. Q takes Q P (ch)	
7. B to Q B 4th (ch)		Black's Rooks are not yet supporting each other, and it is a question here, whether Q takes R P (ch) would not have won. The ensuing draw, however, was a fitting end to this splendid struggle.	
It is debatable whether this is stronger than the Thorold continuation of P to Q 4th. We rather prefer, however, the text move.			
8. B takes P (ch)	P to Q 4th	32. Q takes P	K to Kt sq
9. P to Q 4th	K to K sq	33. P to R 5th	P to Kt 6th
10. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to Kt 5th	34. Q to K 6th (ch)	Q R to K B sq
11. B takes B P	Kt takes B	35. Q to K 6th (ch)	R to K 2nd
12. P takes Kt	Q takes P	36. Q to K 4th (ch)	K to R sq
13. Castles		37. Q to K 5th	R to K sq
This powerful reply seems overlooked by the authorities, who generally give Q to K 2nd (ch).			
14. P takes B	B takes Kt	38. K to B sq	K to Kt sq
15. Q to Q 2nd	Kt to B 3rd	39. P to R 6th	R to B 2nd (ch)
16. Q R to K sq	B to K 3rd	40. K to K 2nd	Q R to Q 2nd
	K to Q 2nd	41. Q takes P (ch)	K to R 2nd
		42. Q to R 4th	R (Q 2nd) to K 2nd (ch)
A move that, as will be seen, does not turn out well, and yet it is hard to find one less open to objection. Castles Q R was too venturesome with the Q Kt file clear for the adverse Rook.			
17. P to Q B 4th		43. K to Q 2nd	R to K 3rd
Introducing a beautiful combination which not only wins back the surrendered piece, but gains a substantial advantage in position.			
18. R takes B	Q takes B P	44. Q to Q 4th	R to K Kt 3rd
19. P to Q 5th (ch)	K to Q 2nd	45. P to Kt 4th	K takes P
20. P tks Kt (dbl ch)	K takes P	46. Q to R 8th (ch)	K to Kt 4th
21. B to K 5th	K R to K sq	47. Q to R 3th (ch)	K to B 3rd
22. R to B 4th	Q to B 4th (ch)	48. P to B 4th	R (B 2) to Kt 2
23. B to Q 4th	Q to Q 3rd	49. Q to B 5th (ch)	K to K 2nd
		50. Q to B 5th (ch)	R to Q 3rd (ch)
Black's last few moves have been most accurate, and he extricates himself with the greatest skill from complications in which the least slip would be fatal. It is the high quality of both attack and defence which constitutes the charm of this fine game.			
24. R to B 6th	R to K 3rd	51. K to B 3rd	R takes P
25. Q to B 3rd (ch)	K to Q 2nd	52. Q to K 5th (ch)	R to K 3rd
26. R to B 7th (ch)	R to K 2nd	53. Q to B 7th (ch)	K to B 3rd
		54. Q takes P	R to K 6th (ch)
		55. K to Q 2nd	R to Q Kt 3rd
		56. Q takes P	R to Q Kt 7 (ch)
		57. K to K sq	R (Kt 6) to Kt 7
		58. Q to Q 4th (ch)	K to K 3rd
		59. Q to Q 5th (ch)	K to K 2nd
		60. Q to K 5th (ch)	K to Q 2nd
		61. Q to B 5th (ch)	K to B 2nd
		62. Q to B 5th (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
		63. Q to B 5th (ch)	K to R 2nd
		64. Q to B 5th (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
		Drawn game.	

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THE PARIS SALONS.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

With the death of Princess Mathilde, the niece of the great Napoleon, disappears the last of the Paris salons, properly so called. In her drawing-rooms in the Rue de Berri were to be met all the distinguished men of the day—politicians, scientists, historians, literary men, painters, sculptors. She lived long enough to know several generations of writers, from Chateaubriand (for whom, by the way, she had no particular liking) down to Guy Maupassant and Paul Bourget, whose novels hold the field to-day for analytical and psychological power. To cite the names of those who frequented her salon is like giving a synopsis of the intellectual effort of the century: Renan, Taine, Alexandre Dumas fils, Emile Augier (the dramatic poet), de Lesseps, Pasteur, Gustave Flaubert, the two Goncourts (in whose "Journal" appears a pleasant picture of the Princess), Ambroise Thomas (the composer), Charles Gounod, François Coppée, Emile de Girardin (the founder of halfpenny journalism, whose wife had also a famous salon in her day), Meissonier, and Détaillé, the painter of battle-pieces. Princess Mathilde, whose name in Paris was "la bonne Princesse," was kindness itself to those whom she thought deserving. She had a tender spot in her heart for painters, and many a cheque which found its way into the pocket of unrecognised genius was the result of her kindly importunity with rich patrons. But Princess Mathilde could be severe on occasion; and old *habitués* of her salon recall the rebuke she administered to Taine for his attack on Napoleon I. She would never allow her salon to degenerate into a mere political cabal, such as we have seen in recent years in Paris. Practically there were no politics discussed. But her salon had a real, if indirect, influence on the course of events. It made and unmade Senators and Academicians and public functionaries, and its play upon the world of art and letters was more powerful still. An artist or a writer was hardly to be considered famous who had not received the *cachet* of this *grande dame*, this leader of Parisian society for nearly half a century.

About the same time as the salon of the Princess there flourished a rival institution on the other side of the river in the Rue du Bac, one of the small, narrow streets leading from the Boulevard St. Germain to the river. The hostess was a charming and accomplished lady, Madame Mohl, née Mary Clarke. Her mother began her receptions there, in a comfortable and unpretentious apartment, and Madame Mohl, after her marriage with a German savant, continued to entertain celebrities of the day. Chateaubriand was the lion of those select assemblies, into which Napoleon III. dared not have put foot. Indeed, Madame Mohl did not disguise her dislike for the occupant of the Tuileries—a dislike, by the way, entertained also for his predecessor, Louis-Philippe. Thiers was an occasional visitor when he could snatch time from his tremendous occupations. But he made no particular impression on the society of the Rue du Bac. Indeed, the "saviour of the country" was hardly a man to shine in such surroundings. He was a politician and a bourgeois—nothing more.

The power to entertain in conversation, indeed, was the sole test. Madame Mohl had none of the snobbishness which is supposed to belong to the Anglo-Saxon race. If a person did not please, he or she (it was generally she) was not asked again. Many are the stories told of the brusqueness with which she got rid of wealthy or aristocratic bores. There were no kaleidoscopic assemblages, such as in the higher latitudes of the Rue de Berri. The note was simplicity. Madame Mohl herself sometimes appeared in an astounding dishabille, of which she was perfectly unconscious—or affected to be. Everybody was at his ease. Instead of powdered footmen and a well-found buffet, Madame Mohl impressed her young male friends into the service of handing round the tea and biscuits.

Of present-day salons there are hardly any that deserve the name. The most renowned in Paris is that of the author, Madame Adam, whose signature, "Juliette Lambert," regularly appears in a magazine devoted to social and political subjects. Under her hospitable roof is gathered literary and artistic *Tout Paris*. But the salon nowadays is more properly a coterie. It is certainly incapable of giving the hallmark to a reputation, except, perhaps, to the perpetrator of a political *bêtise*. All the world knows that Boulangerism was started in a Champs Elysées drawing-room, and that the wax Cæsar on the black horse was supported financially to a considerable amount by the Dowager Duchesse d'Uzès. Most of the salons that remain have a political complexion and are connected with some attempt, more or less serious, to further the ends of the proscribed dynasties. The most exclusive of them all is the salon of the Duchesse de Rohan, which has Legitimist pretensions. The Bonapartists foregather in the drawing-room of the Marquise de Villeneuve, generally called the Princesse Jeanne, the sister of Prince Roland Bonaparte. But M. Frédéric Masson, the historian of the epoch and the most ardent upholder of the Napoleonic legend, shows perhaps the most politico-social activity. His house is the rendezvous of adherents to the fallen fortunes of the Imperial family. Prince Louis, the General in the Czar's army, when he was in Paris a few days ago to attend the funeral of his aunt, no doubt paid his respects to this redoubtable champion of his house.

Though it is not a salon in the ordinary sense, the *foyer* of the Comédie Française is the rallying ground of prominent people. Politicians, financiers, men of letters, journalists—everybody who is anybody in art, literature, or the sciences—are to be found here in the evening exchanging the small-talk of what is still the pleasantest capital in the world. Though the salon is disappearing, thanks to the clubs, and perhaps also to the automobile, the one salient feature of this peculiarly national institution remains as a tradition and a heritage. In a French drawing-room the conversation is always general, as opposed to the talk in groups or the tête-à-tête, that, again, is peculiarly Anglo-Saxon.

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THE SOCIAL SIDE OF POLITICS: THE MEETING BETWEEN THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE AND LORD ROSEBERY AT LORD WIMBORNE'S, FEBRUARY 5.

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LADIES' PAGES.

Princess Alice of Albany's wedding dress was cut, as those of royal brides always are, quite low at the neck. Its material was one of those new varieties of chiffon-like satin that are now forming some of the most lovely evening gowns; in this case it was called *satin charmeuse*, having the sumptuousness of surface and lights and shades of satin with the pliancy and grace in draping of silk muslin. Round the décolletage was a narrow berthe of fine lace overhanging a beautiful embroidered piece of white satin, the working on this being executed in chenille and velvet, brightened by diamanté sparkle; this, forming the centre of the corsage, was edged with a cream chenille fringe that reached to a deep folded waistbelt of silver tissue. The skirt had a flat Louis XVI. front-piece, on which appeared three rows of chenille fringe; at either side of this tablier, the material was richly embroidered in chenille and padded chiffon flowers, a band of white velvet formed into true-lovers' knots enclosing the floral design. A trail of flowers, composed of orange-blossom, myrtle, white heather, and roses, passed down the right side of the skirt, and then diagonally continued from just above the belt to the opposite shoulder. The train was embroidered to match, and trimmed with lace, and frilled with white chiffon round the end and partly up the side. The veil, again in accordance with custom for Princesses, was worn off the face, falling from a small wreath of the bridal flowers: a diamond ornament fixed it in place.

It had a great sentimental interest, this veil of fine English lace. Queen Victoria, who made a point of patronising the Honiton lace industry, gave this veil to her cousin, the late Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, by whom it was worn at her wedding. It again appeared on the head of the bride of the Duke of York, now Princess of Wales, and has been lent by H.R.H. to adorn the bride of her brother, Prince Alexander. The design introduces the national flowers—rose, thistle, and shamrock. Somewhat altering first plans, the bridesmaids were only five in number, the daughters of H.R.H. the Duchess of Fife not appearing among them. Their dresses were pale-blue crêpe-de-Chine, frilled with itself on the skirt and edged with lace; the elder bridesmaids had silver tissue waistbelts, and the little girls folded blue satin sashes, with wreaths of forget-me-nots and a spray of white heather and myrtle. The trousseau of the royal bride is, of course, very handsome: some of the dresses were made in Germany, but the majority are English productions.

Political parties (not in the technical, but the society sense) are a recognised means of attaching and consolidating the followers of any leader. It is absurd, but,



A LIGHT CHIFFON EVENING DRESS.

all the same, it is an unquestioned fact, that to expect, and in due course get, invitations to some great house for his wife and daughters helps to keep a man up to his political allegiance; and parlous would be the state of a political leader who could not find any "great ladies" to give receptions in his interest, or rather in those of his policy. The "general post" that political leaders have recently indulged in has made the social arrangements of the beginning of the season in this direction rather disorganised. The Duchess of Devonshire, chief of leading hostesses, is no longer available for Mr. Balfour's assistance. Yet her Grace is not at the moment ready to invite the opposite party; so a medium course was found in a large Liberal and Conservative Free Trade reception, to which twelve hundred invitations were issued, being given by Lady Wimborne four nights after the equally crowded reception by which Lady Lansdowne, on behalf of the Ministry, and Lady Tweedmouth for the recognised Opposition, signalled the opening Session. The lists of the names of the people of rank present on either occasion need not be scanned to discover the respective peers' and peeresses' political position. It is not that sort of rank, but the "rank and file" of political life, who are differentiated at such gatherings; and it is really extraordinary how much is thought of such invitations—the heart-burnings if anybody is omitted who believes that he has a right to be invited, and the satisfaction of those who are asked.

Lady Lansdowne's reception was particularly brilliant. Black was less worn than it was during the seasons that have passed since the late war ended. However, it was chosen by the charming hostess, who usually prefers it for her dresses; the Chantilly lace and net of which it was composed were brightened by silver sequins sparingly used, and, of course, fine diamonds and a rope of pearls, with a high tiara of brilliants tipped with oval pearls, gave brilliance to the effect. Blue seemed to be the favourite colour. One of the prettiest toilettes was worn by the Duchess of Marlborough, who appeared in one of the new Parisian evening coats made in something the fashion of a man's dress-coat, with long, narrow tails, but these fall from a swathed belt. The material was rich pale-blue satin, and it was frilled and ruched with tulle and touched with silver. The Duchess of Somerset wore geranium-red satin brocaded with velvet leaves; and the Countess of Yarborough also wore velvet in emerald-green. White was chosen by Lady Shaftesbury, Lady Helen Stavordale, and many more.

Lady Wimborne's beautiful house in Arlington Street is ideal for a large gathering. There was a dinner first in the great ball-room; the guests were seated partly at four small circular tables, and the rest at the large central table, where the host and hostess faced each other at the side of the board in the middle, as

(Continued on page 244.)

£25 for an Idea. (Competition.)

Among the many competitions which are the order of the day, none, it is safe to say, can be easier or solved more quickly than this. All that is necessary is to think of a catchy phrase which shall be at once a definition and a recommendation of Odol. The individual—man, woman, or child—who finds the best phrase, the one which the Proprietors decide to use in their advertisements, will receive a cheque for £25. This phrase, which will be used for advertising Odol in the press and on posters, must be short—the shorter the better—and should show, first, that the daily cleansing of the mouth and teeth with an antiseptic mouth-wash is an absolute necessity, and secondly, that this can only be properly effected by using Odol.

It is surprising how many people who, while taking the greatest pains to keep their bodies clean, yet neglect the most important part—their mouth and teeth—which is much to be deplored when it is considered that these have such important functions to perform, the most important of which is the

proper mastication of the food, on which the conduct of the digestive organs so largely depends. If, therefore, the teeth are not kept clean and free from decay, the food which should go to nourish and strengthen the body cannot be digested as it should be. It is in the direction of such people, who do not realise the importance of this, that we wish to strike, and the phrase which we are trying to find will assist us. The more forcible and shorter it can be made the better.

Everybody knows to-day what Odol is—the best dentifrice and wash which science has yet invented for the cleansing and preservation of the teeth and mouth, and the only one recognised by the scientific world that will protect the teeth from decay, and which acts not only during the time of application, but for hours after use. We nevertheless enumerate below, in a brief form, the salient features of Odol, which, together with the above remarks, will assist in making up the phrase.

1. It is a well-known fact that fermentation and decomposition of the particles of food which may lodge between the teeth or on the gums are the causes of decay of the teeth and consequent impaired digestion.

2. To prevent decay of the teeth, the mouth and teeth must be cleaned with an antiseptic mouth-wash, which can penetrate into every cavity, no matter how small.

3. Odol is not only such an antiseptic mouth-wash, but, more than that, it remains active for several hours after it has been used. It is absorbed by the gums, which it thus keeps perfectly fresh and sweet, so that two, or at

the most three, cleansings with this preparation are all that are necessary to keep the mouth absolutely antiseptic and pure for the whole twenty-four hours.

4. So far from this becoming tiresome, it is a pleasure to which the user of Odol always looks forward, for the flavour is so delicious and refreshing. Indeed, Odol is to the mouth what a bath is to the whole body, while the fragrance it imparts can only be likened to that of a bath in which rare perfumes have been blended.

5. It is especially to those who are not rich, who need to keep in the best possible health, that they may do their

daily work in the most efficient way, and with the least expenditure of energy, that Odol will appeal, for a flask for half-a-crown will last for several months.

6. There is not a civilised country in which Odol is not known as the greatest preparation for the teeth and mouth in the world, and the millions of bottles of Odol which are sold every year afford an irrefragable proof of the universality of its use as it is of the favour with which it has been received. These two facts, indeed, speak louder than anything else of the excellence of the preparation, which can only be compared to itself, for it has no parallel.

£25 will be awarded to the competitor supplying the best phrase.

As an inducement, and in order to encourage the public generally to participate in this competition, two other prizes will also be awarded—viz.: A 2nd Prize of £10 and a 3rd Prize of £5 for the next best phrases in order of merit.

N.B.—The phrases which secure either of these prizes are to be the property of the Proprietors of the Odol Chemical Works, who further reserve to themselves the right to make use of any of the other phrases submitted which may be original and considered suitable for publication, on payment to the author of One Guinea.

The following are the Conditions.

1. In case several persons should send the same phrases as those securing either of the prizes, the awards will be given to the competitors whose envelopes are the first to be opened. All envelopes will be registered and numbered as they are received, and in accordance with this system they will be opened.

2. Competitors may send in as many phrases as they please, but each one must be kept distinct and will be judged independently.

3. The decision of the Managers of the Odol Chemical Works must be taken as final.

after, giving the names of the successful competitors, who will immediately receive the respective cheques.

£25 for a few words

4. The phrases must be forwarded by post, enclosed in an envelope clearly marked "Phrase Competition," and addressed to the Advertising Manager, Odol Chemical Works, 26, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E.

5. Each competitor's name and address must be distinctly written below the phrase or phrases submitted.

6. This competition closes Feb. 29, and the results will be published soon

*"When ordering Cocoa
insist on having
Cadbury's"*



*"An excellent
food as well
as a stimulant"*

Cadbury's Cocoa

**First among Food Beverages because of its Absolute
Purity and freedom from admixture of any kind.**

Dr. ANDREW WILSON says:

"Cocoa in itself is an excellent and nutritious food . . . and should be consumed in a perfectly pure state."

GUY'S HOSPITAL GAZETTE says:

"CADBURY'S is the highest type of a pure Cocoa . . . a great restorer of muscular activity."

NURSING RECORD says:

"CADBURY'S can always be relied upon as absolutely pure, and, further, delicious."

MEDICAL MAGAZINE says:

"The favourite Cocoa of the day. For Strength, Purity, and Nourishment, there is nothing superior to be found."

**CADBURY'S IS COCOA, AND THE BEST COCOA ONLY.
ABSOLUTELY PURE therefore BEST.**

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**NO TOBACCO
LIKE IT
HAS EVER
BEEN
PRODUCED
BEFORE.**

**THIS HIGH CLASS
SMOKING MIXTURE
IS ABSOLUTELY PURE AND FREE FROM
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IN THREE STRENGTHS:**

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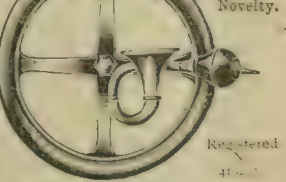
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is always the arrangement at the King's dinner-parties. The decorations of the table were pink and white flowers, massed gracefully in gold-plate holders—a very effective combination. The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire were the principal guests, and Mr. John Morley sat next to her Grace. Lady Wimborne wore black satin draped with lace and embroidered with jet. The Duchess of Devonshire had a pastel-blue velvet gown brocaded in a design of corn—possibly a symbolical allusion to the question which has once more reunited the Duke's and Mr. Morley's sections of politics. The Duchess of Manchester wore white and silver brocade, embroidered with pearls and silver. Lady Tweedmouth had a charming combination of lemon yellow with blue, the latter, in revers, belt, and other touches, just relieving the more delicate tone of the whole gown and its beautiful lace trimmings. At the reception afterwards, the hundreds of beautiful gowns and the superb jewels made a brilliant scene. White perhaps predominated, but blue was very popular, and it is unquestionably the most becoming night tint for a good complexion. Lady Hothfield had one of the most original and lovely gowns in blue; it was largely composed of "moonlight" sequins of a large size, sewn on black net, overlapping for the most part so as to give the "coat-of-mail" effect; and this was combined with pale-blue satin, the black net visible on the sleeves and elsewhere adding to the effectiveness of the whole. Lady Chesterfield looked lovely in pale eau-de-Nil satin chiffon, embroidered heavily with gold thread; and Lady Beauchamp was charming in white and silver.

The Duke of Norfolk having expressed a wish that the gift to his bride from the City of Sheffield should take the form of a diamond necklace, the Corporation has ordered from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited (the King's jewellers), of 112, Regent Street, London, W., a magnificent rivière of diamonds of perfect quality.

A simple evening gown forms one of our Illustrations. It is composed of a light-toned chiffon over satin, the skirt gauged round the hips and again lower down, with lace fills beneath each row of gauging at the foot, and a band of flowers for trimming at the junction. The bodice is in harmony, and there is a waist-belt of satin in the same tone of colour. The other dress depicted is a spring costume of soft cloth, piped and finished with white pleatings. The hat is one of the new shapes, turned up very high at the sides, and trimmed with a wreath of flowers.

Spring cleaning is looming close before us, with its inevitable discomforts and upsets. We know, however, how very essential it is: modern science tells us emphatically that dust harbours disease germs and lowers health. A new discovery happily comes to alleviate the trials of the housewife. It is not so new



A SPRING GOWN OF LIGHT CLOTH.

but that it has been thoroughly tried, and has already secured adoption in the great houses of personages who are only served in the very best manner: the King has had it installed at Windsor and other palaces, and Chatsworth was thoroughly cleaned by its means for the royal visit. The invention referred to is "The British Vacuum Cleansing System." This apparatus works by suction. Just as a boy will remove all the juice from an orange by suction, so this air-pump removes all dust. Dust works into carpets, sofas, mattresses, etc., from above, and wherever it is able to find a way in, it can find a way out when the nozzle of the vacuum air-pump passes over it and sucks. The air-pump is worked by an electric or petrol engine, such as is used on a motor-car. The engine, sent to you on order at a fixed time, stands outside the house; india-rubber hose-pipes pass in through door and window. At the end of the hose is a silver-plated pipe, held by a man in spotless white uniform. All the servants of the British Vacuum Cleaner Company wear this white uniform. The man passes from room to room, rubbing the nozzle of the pipe over carpet, curtain, and upholstery. The engine works away, exhausting the air; all the dust and dirt are sucked into a receiving filter. It is just the thing to have done before a party. The carpets look as good as new again; the curtains, cushions, and chairs assume the same bright hues as when they were first bought; not a speck of dust remains on the walls, the ceiling, or in the crevices of the floor; and, greatest wonder of all, throughout the process no dust has been created. You can see the apparatus work or obtain fuller details by post from the company at the head office, 25, Victoria Street, London; 106, York Road, Lambeth, close to Waterloo Station; also at 48, High Street, Highgate; and Parson's Lane, Fulham.

Outdoor events are much interfered with by the rain, but it is a sign of the times that the ladies' hockey matches arranged for the past week or two have all been played. Ordinary mortals feel, however, in this wet weather that going out is an infliction, and the necessary exercise for keeping well is to be done as a penance. It is well to know of something so protective in these conditions as the spat puttees manufactured by Messrs. Fox Brothers and Co., at Wellington, Somerset.

They meet the wants of the modern woman by making the puttees in ladies' as well as in men's sizes; and as the spats can be worn attached or not at choice, all tastes can be pleased. The puttee consists of a roll of properly prepared cloth, which is twined spirally round and round the leg, and is absolutely protective against any amount of wet weather. As they reach to the knee and are very comfortable, every woman who walks in bad weather, as well as everyone who shoots or fishes or cycles, ought to have a pair of Fox's spat puttees.

FILOMENA.



SO FEW PEOPLE realise all that the Gramophone does for the home.

IT BRINGS THE BEST MUSIC.

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"It reproduces the human voice to such a fine point that in listening to the records of Caruso, Plançon, &c., it seemed to me as if those artistes were actually singing in my saloons. I have never heard anything to equal it."

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The Gramophone turns from grave to gay. It produces for you the actual voice and the individual technique of the world's greatest artistes.

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There are 12,000 Gramophone Records on our Catalogues. Please send us postcard and we will forward them free. The Gramophone Catalogues will interest you.

On receipt of a postcard we will send Catalogues of Gramophones and Records, and the name and address of the nearest dealer in our Gramophones, Gramophone Records, and genuine Gramophone Needles, sold only in metal boxes with our trade-mark picture "His Master's Voice" on the lid.

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The PURITY of *Sunlight Soap* curtails the washing.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 14, 1896), with two codicils (dated April 29, 1901, and Nov. 18, 1903), of Mr. Hugh Stowell Scott, known under his literary alias of "Henry Seton Merriman," of Long Spring, Melton, Suffolk, who died on Nov. 19, was proved on Jan. 30 by Henry Carmichael Scott, the brother, and Miss Eva Russel Scott, the sister, the value of the estate being £53,202. The testator gives £300 each to Nora Geraldine Hall and Gwynne Hall; £5000 to his sister-in-law Evelyn Beatrice Hall, "in token of my gratitude for her assistance and literary advice, without which I should never have been able to make a living by my pen." The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his wife for life, and then to his children; but should he leave no issue, then as to two thirds to his brother and one third to his sister.

The will (dated Feb. 22, 1902) of Mr. John Dawson, of 28, Sussex Square, Hyde Park, who died on Jan. 4, was proved on Jan. 29 by William Henry Dawson, the son, and William Frederick Brabant, the value of the real and personal estate being £701,404. The testator gives £50,000, in trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Ellen Catherine Laurie; £10,000, in trust, for his granddaughter, Essyllt Amy Leith; £500 to his grandson, John Dawson Laurie; and £200 to William Frederick Brabant. The residue of his property he leaves to his son.

The will (dated July 29, 1903) of Sir Albert William Woods, G.C.V.O., K.C.B., K.C.M.G., Garter King at Arms, of the College of Arms, E.C., and 69, St. George's Road, Warwick Square, who died on Jan. 7, was proved on Feb. 1 by Dame Caroline Woods, the widow, Gerald

Woods Woollaston, the grandson, William Oxenham Hewlett, and Arthur Tyler, the executors, the value of the estate being £37,343. The testator gives £500 to his wife; £25 each to his other three executors; his manuscripts to his grandson; and £6000, and on the decease of Lady Woods a further £4000, in trust, to pay one half of the income to his daughter-in-law, Marie Woods, while she remains a widow; and subject thereto the whole thereof is to be held, in trust, for his granddaughter, Frances Harriet Helen Woods, and her issue. On the decease of his wife, he gives the portrait of Queen Victoria and the accompanying letter, the gilt brackets from Westminster Abbey used at the Coronation of Queen Victoria, the Faldstool used by her Majesty at that ceremony, three Garter swords, received from the King of Saxony, the King of Italy, and the King of Spain on the occasion of their investiture with the Garter; two gold Garter presentation boxes, the picture of William IV. by Sir David Wilkie, and other presentation articles, to his grandson. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife, for life, and then in trust for his grandson and his children.

The will and codicil (dated April 1, 1903), with another codicil (of Nov. 16 following), of Sir Frederick James Bramwell, F.R.S., of 1A, Hyde Park Gate, who died on Nov. 30, was proved on Jan. 25 by Sir John Wolfe Barry and Alexander Nelson Radcliffe, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £100,798. The testator gives £1000 and the household furniture to his wife; £120 per annum each to his daughters Eldred Lady Horsley and Florence Lady Bliss during the life of their mother; £500 to Joseph Gordon; £105 each to his executors; £1000 each to his butler, William

Dear, and his coachman, Matthew Catling; £250 each to his cook, Sarah Phinn, his housemaid, Maria Kinch, and Lady Bramwell's maid, Mrs. Mott; and £100 to his gardener. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his wife for life; and then he gives £5000 each to his daughters and two fifths of the ultimate residue, in trust, for each of his daughters; and one fifth, in trust, for his grandson Gustaf Ehrenborg.

The will (dated Dec. 31, 1900), with two codicils (dated Feb. 27, 1902, and March 7, 1903), of Mr. Matthew Bell, of Bourne Park, Canterbury, who died on Dec. 24, was proved on Jan. 21 by Herbert James Bell, the son, and Charles Stewart Hardy, the value of the estate amounting to £52,355. The testator gives £300 to his daughter Mrs. Hardy; £3000 each, in trust, for his daughters Mrs. Douglas, Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Eden, Mrs. Molyneux, and Mrs. Durham; an annuity of £100 to his daughter Mrs. Whinyates; his freehold chambers in New Square, Lincoln's Inn, to his son Herbert James; £300, and a sum not exceeding £120 per annum for the rent of a house, to his wife, who is already provided for; all arrears of rent, and farm stock and household furniture, to his grandson Matthew Gerald Edward Bell; and £40 per annum to his old nurse, Elizabeth Cloke. He settles the Graine and Oakley estates on his grandson, and he leaves the residue of his property upon like trusts as those of the settled family estates.

H.M. the King of Italy has been graciously pleased to honour Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, of London, Sheffield, and Manchester, with a royal appointment as silversmiths to his Majesty.

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1s. post free, or special label from 2s., 3s., 6d. bottles
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They are as easy of digestion as maternal milk, and provide a perfect diet for the formation of firm flesh and strong bones.

The Milk Foods are absolutely free from any noxious germs, and hence are far superior to cow's milk as obtained in towns, especially in the summer time.

No diarrhoea, digestive or stomach troubles need be feared from the use of the "ALLENBURYS" Foods.

For the robust and delicate they are alike suitable, and children thrive upon them as on no other diet.

The "ALLENBURYS" Foods are so graduated as to provide the maximum amount of nourishment that the child is able to digest at the periods of life for which the foods are respectively recommended.

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From birth to 3 months.

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Which stays infection, while the linen variety spreads it around. Saves cost of washing. Recommended by the "Lancet" and other Medical Journals. 50 Plain, 1s.; 100 Medicated (Pine or Eucalyptus), 2s. 6d. Also folded singly in Patent Pocket Cases, 30 Small, 9d.; 30 Large, 1s.

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Add a spoonful
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ART NOTES.

The Pastel Society holds its sixth annual exhibition at the rooms of the Royal Institute, Pall Mall. Pastel is more than ever a wide word. It comprises charcoal and chalk in black and white, and, in colour, something very difficult to distinguish from dry or Raffaelli oils, and the tints that look so much like pure water-colours in the sapphire and amethyst notes of Mr. Brabazon's fragments of beautiful landscape. M. Charles Cottet makes pastel do severe and rigid duty in the slow, close, actual portrait-studies for his picture of Bretons—men, women, and two little stiffly clad girls—keeping the mortuary vigil by the bier of a child; and M. Le Sidaner makes it serve for the impression of night in snow-covered country—an impression, of course, purely of the memory. M. Fritz Thaulow makes that fresh and sudden medium linger over a rather heavy study of woodland country in the nearly shadowless hour of evening; and M. Louis Legrand makes it touch off the instant—life taken unawares—in the sketches of a "Danseuse" sitting between a flood of daylight and a slight gleam of golden lamps from a stage, of a "Jeune Fille" and "Femme Brune," well-drawn heads with ambiguous expressions. Some old-fashioned pastellists work in the smooth, pretty, and indistinguished manner

practised in the decadence of the art in the middle of the nineteenth century, when pastel was dear to the amateur lady; others make it the most modern and vibrant of the mediums of colour.

In a word, it can hardly be said that there is a pastel-view of the world, nor even so much as a pastel-theory of a drawing. The work in this gallery claims no distinctive technical criticism. It is interesting on general grounds, and, on the whole, more so than a first glance, taking in some conspicuous portraits of children of a singularly insipid character, would seem to presage. Mr. Tuke's work, for instance, is always sound; he exhibits yet another nude back of a young fisherman, solidly modelled, in diffused light. Mr. Bruckman has a well-composed group—"Motherhood"—in which the tone perhaps is rather needlessly heavy in the flesh (in the occasional manner of Mr. C. H. Shannon). There seems to be unnecessary fear of mere beauty in the painting of a face in shadow. How lovely and also how true its tone may be, painters might more attentively learn from Tintoretto, Diaz, and M. Fantin-Latour. Mr. Bruckman has also a fine landscape, "The Lock-Gate." By Mr. Jacomb-Hood we have a lively drawing of a

motley crowd, "On the Alipur Road in Delhi, Durbar Camp," in which he has recognised the mingling of a very blue sky with the throng—its play, for instance, on the black backs of two companionable crows. Mr. Melton Fisher has two fine studies, "Lilies" and "Roses"; and Mr. H. M. Livens a study of fowls huddled together—"Moulting"—richly coloured.

In New Bond Street Mr. Grosvenor Thomas exhibits a small collection of low-toned landscapes, which evidently profess allegiance to the French "romantiques." There is a fine and gloomy freshness in some of these that is not achieved without some mastery of tone and execution. Mr. Grosvenor Thomas loves uncertain lights and the scattering of leaves between the eyes and a space of bright sky. He binds his landscape in large general shadows, and uses buildings to give romance, not commonplace, to his lonely woodlands. Romance he does compass, but not the mystery which his master Corot gave to a mere house in the country, to a mere wall with trees beyond. Mr. Grosvenor Thomas, as a colourist, understands well the value of red in the grave landscape, man's red in brick and tile, and autumn's in the leaf.

W. M.

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of Winchester has been gradually improving in health, and has been able to take walks and drives in the neighbourhood of Farnham Palace. He has, however, been forbidden to preach or speak at public meetings during February.

Lord and Lady Halifax are spending the winter in Algiers, and were unable to attend the funeral of the late Earl of Devon, who was a near relative.

The Rev. G. J. Howson, Rector of Christ Church, Salford, and eldest son of the late Dean Howson, has been appointed one of the examining chaplains of the Bishop of Liverpool. The office had become vacant owing to the resignation of Professor Margoliouth, who is visiting Eastern lands.

The Bishop of Llandaff, who has been suffering from a sharp attack of bronchitis, is now on the way to recovery.

Father Waggett made a very interesting speech on behalf of the Bloemfontein Mission at the Church

House last week. He foreshadowed a time when the South African Church would be wealthy and powerful, though he hoped it would not "go so far as to get established." The ideal Church in South Africa would be an influential, sympathetic friend of the new population, progressive and yet faithful to the past.

The Bishop of Wakefield, speaking at a Church Pastoral Aid Meeting in Halifax, said that many of the clergy were severely overworked. Some of their fellow-townsmen thought they had an easy task, and that sermons came naturally to them. The fact was that a sermon worth its salt required from six to ten, and often twelve, hours' preparation, so that when there came three sermons a week, much time was occupied.

The Bishop of Carlisle is spending February at Hyères, where he derived so much benefit last spring. He was in very poor health before starting for the Riviera, but found the sunshine so beneficial that he has scarcely taken any holiday during the past year.

An effort is to be made to complete the church of Lower Brixham, Devon, in memory of a former Vicar,

the Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, author of the hymn, "Abide with me." Mr. Lyte died at Nice sixty years ago, at the age of fifty-four. The hymn was written on the last evening that he spent at Brixham, as the sun was setting over the ships that lay in the harbour. He had worked for twenty-five years among the fishermen, refusing all preferment.

Messrs. John Broadwood and Sons recently entertained their friends and clients at their factory at Old Ford, near Victoria Park, E., where the construction of their pianos, so long carried on at Westminster, is now dealt with on a much larger scale than was possible in the old buildings. The new factory covers an area of an acre and a half, and consists of a rectangular building of four floors, while close by is the timber-yard from which, situated upon the banks of the Lea River Canal, is drawn the large amount of wood required by the business. In their new factory Messrs. Broadwood find employment for five hundred men and youths.

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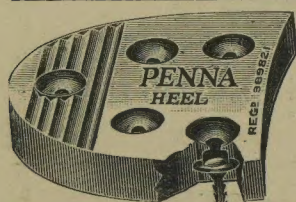
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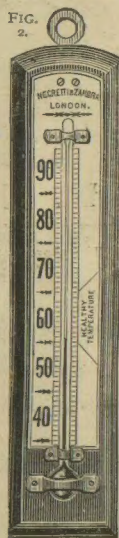
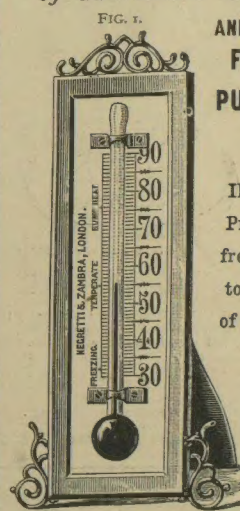


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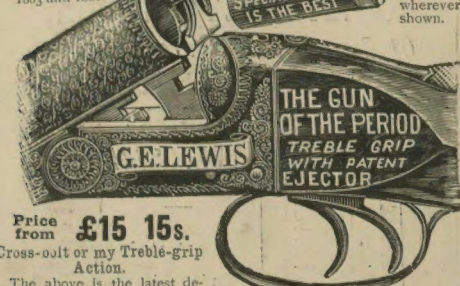
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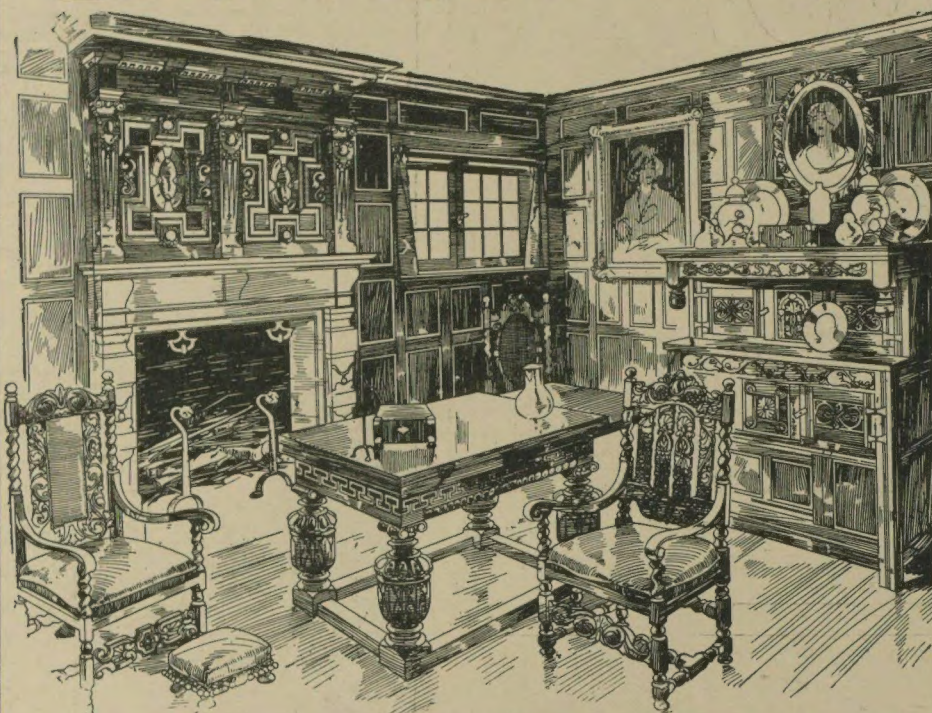
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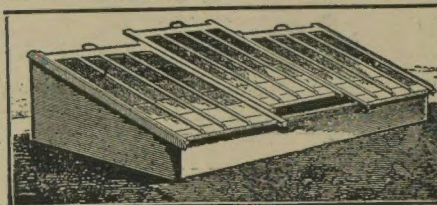
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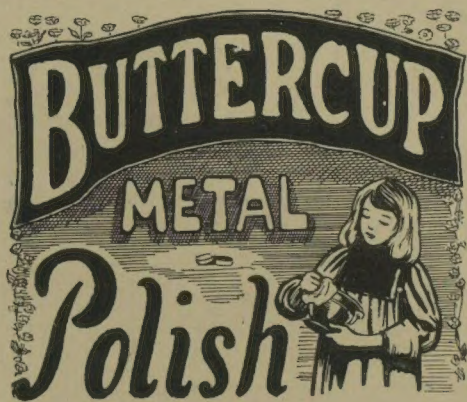
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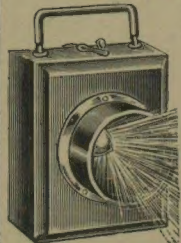
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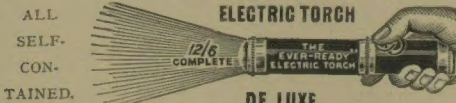
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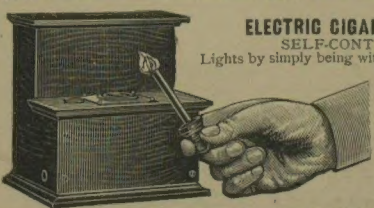
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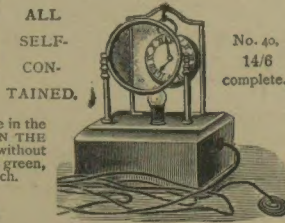
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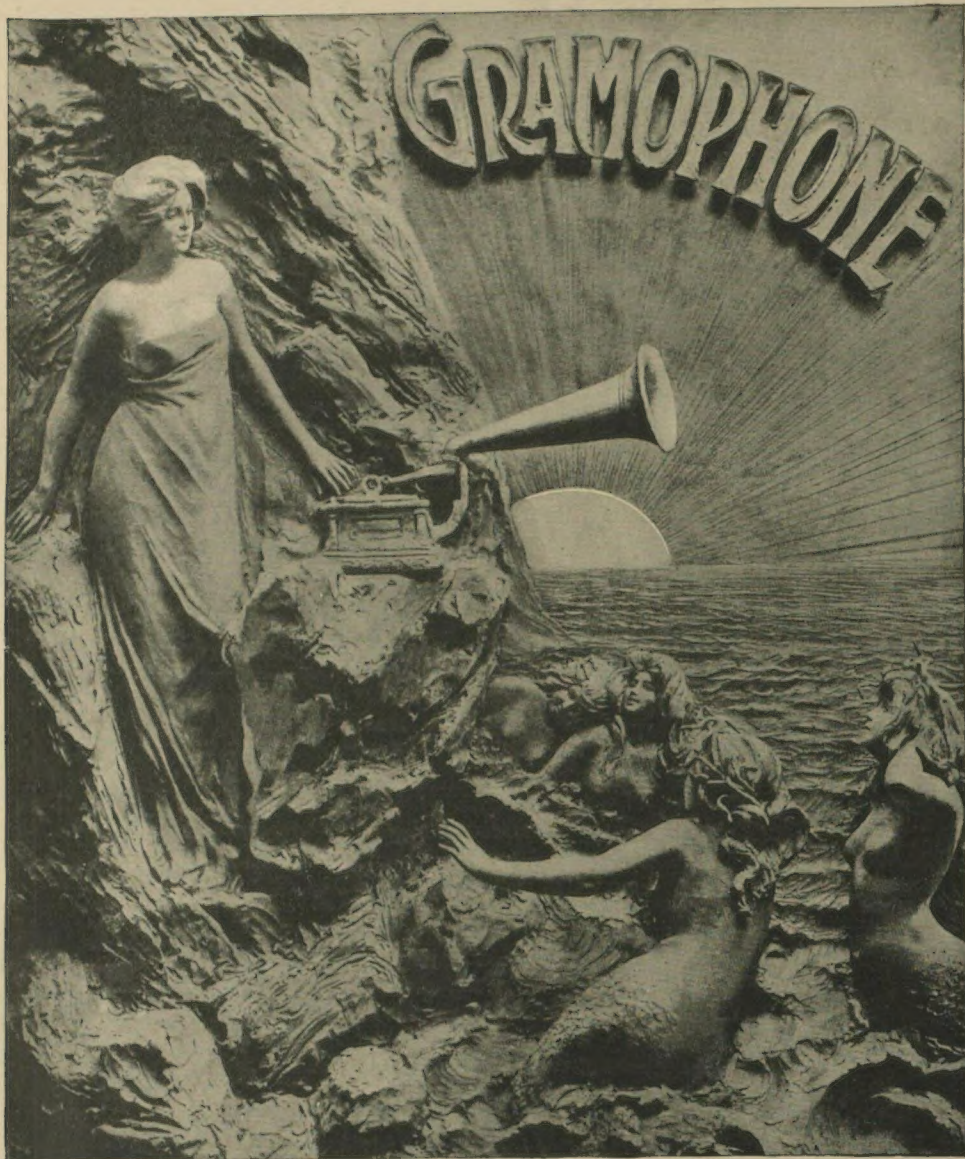
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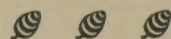


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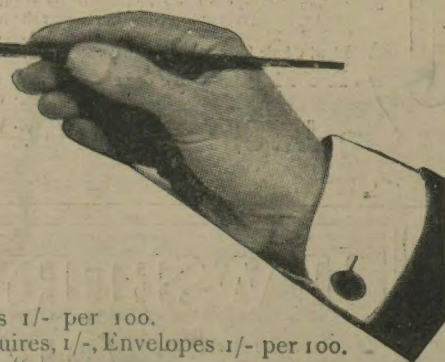
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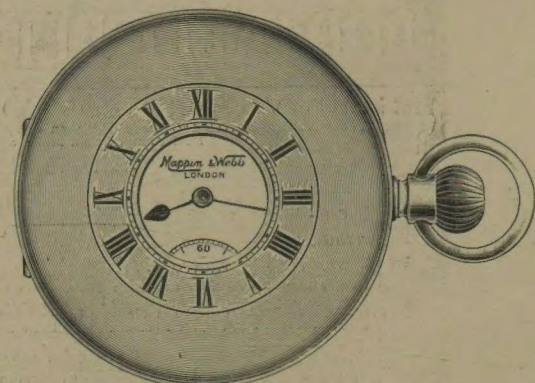
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